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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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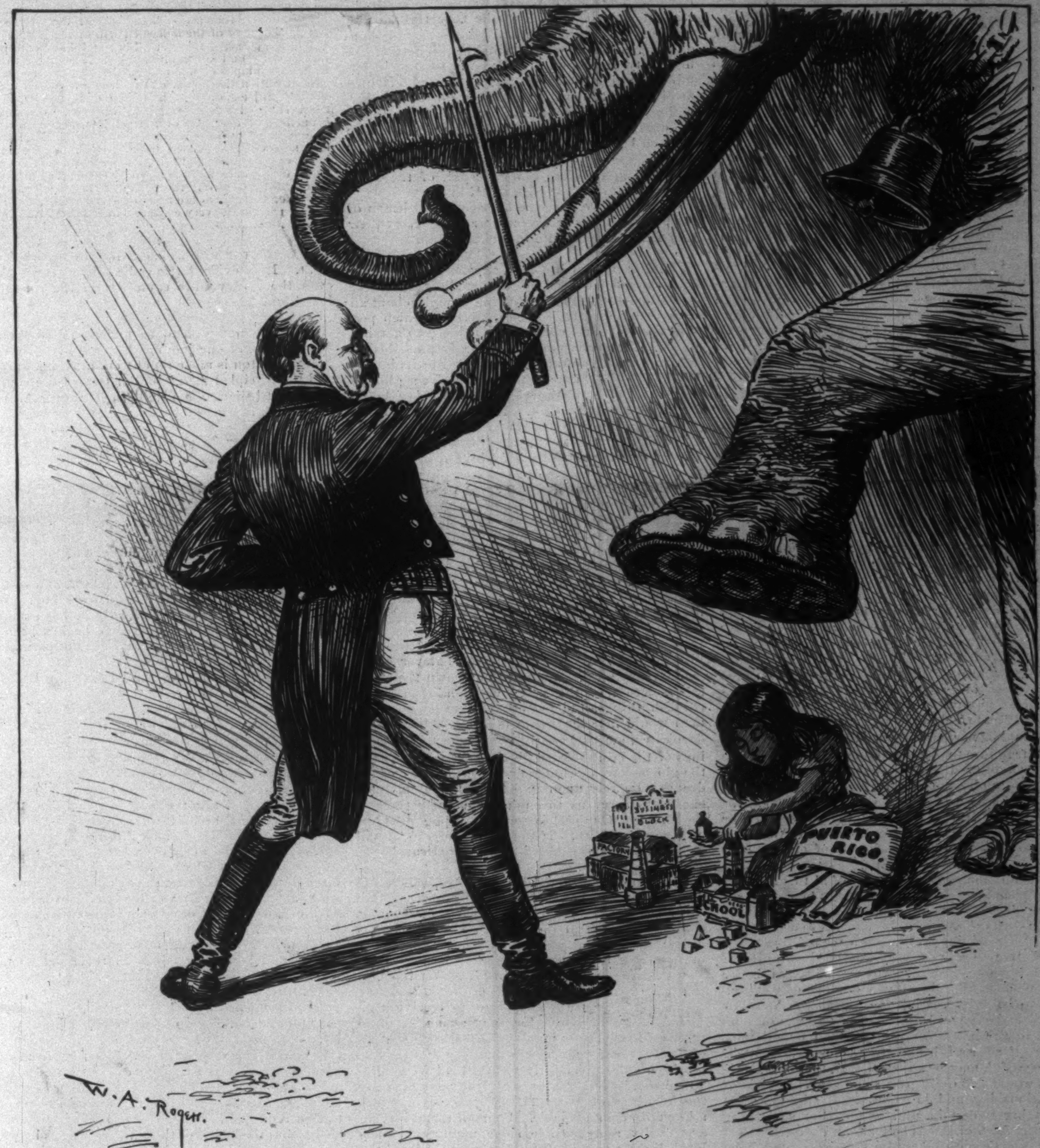
G.O.P.
BUSINESS BLOCK
FACTORY
SCHOOL
PUERTO RICO.
W. A. Rogers.

SENATOR DAVIS: "BE MIGHTY CAREFUL WHERE YOU TREAD!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 7, 1900

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Puerto Rico

THE Puerto Rico question is not, after all, so very complicated as it would appear on the surface to be. When the United States assumed control of affairs on the island they did so at what was practically the unanimous request of the inhabitants, who at that time had more confidence in our government than they seem to have at present. Until active hostilities between Spain and ourselves ceased, the Puerto-Ricans very naturally did not expect us to do much in their behalf. They were content to let matters rest until our hands were free, and their hope of ultimate prosperity buoyed them up and tided them over their immediate troubles. But when peace was declared, and our energies could be spared to the solution of the problems of extra-territorial government, they were not without reason in expecting the authorities to take immediate cognizance of their necessities. They had the first claim upon our attention, for among the new people to come within the jurisdiction of our laws they were the only ones who unquestioningly acknowledged our authority. In spite of this, however, we have done nothing to put them and their affairs upon a settled basis, and in our judgment the dangerous discontent that is at present manifesting itself on the island is entirely due to our dilatoriness, in putting off the Puerto-Rican problem until the Puerto-Ricans themselves have grown suspicious, and are now likely to raise objections to any measure that is taken toward the final settlement of their affairs. They object to a tariff on their products, and they object to our internal-revenue taxes. Taxed directly, they would rise up in protest. Taxed indirectly, they consider themselves ill-used. Nor is their discontent at all mitigated by the presence among them of certain partisan newspaper correspondents, who, if we may judge from indications, are acting under orders to incite them into opposition to the authorities at Washington.

The great mistake that has been made lies in the delay in providing for them. Had the administration acted promptly and firmly, they would have been the first to feel the iron hand beneath the glove, and would have respected our judgments accordingly. Our failure to place them upon a footing of one kind or another definitely has made them feel that we do not understand what we are about, and they are therefore beginning to solve the problem for themselves. It is a serious question whether or not they are sufficiently familiar with American ideas to do this to the satisfaction of either themselves or the American people.

The situation as it presents itself at this moment calls for action. Whether Congress places a tariff of five, ten, fifteen, or a hundred per cent. upon the products of the island, or yields to a considerable public opinion and makes a fact of free trade, is not altogether the point. A settled condition of affairs is what is needed. Any settled basis is better than none at all. If a tariff is shown by experience to be wrong, it may be repealed. Any law passed to-day governing these new people of ours must in the nature of things be an experiment, which, if successful, may be made permanent, if unsuccessful, may be adjusted. If, therefore, Congress would definitely pass some act as a basis of operations, it would do its duty. It might err, but one thing is certain, and that is that something with the form of law is better than chaos.

By the time this appears Congress may have acted. We trust it will be so, and we trust also that the American people, whatever may be their opinions as to the advisability of the especial act, until it is proven to be unjust, will remember that when they impeach the wisdom of the men they have chosen to represent them they impeach themselves.

A Dose of Bitters

IT is a good thing once in a while to fight fire with fire, and when the spectacle was presented some days ago of a large body of school-teachers in the public service hooting and hissing the Mayor of the largest city of the land, even in the midst of our tears at the sight we could not but rejoice. The chief magistrate of the city had at last met his match. The laurel for un-Chesterfieldian conduct which he has worn from the first week of his induction into office was wrested from him by a mob of persons presumably fitted for the instruction and discipline of the public-school children, and the standard of bad manners which has prevailed in the City Hall for the past eighteen months was advanced several degrees in sheer unseemliness and vulgarity.

We cannot congratulate the school-teachers upon the exhibition they chose to make of themselves, but at the same time we do not find them altogether deserving of blame for their misbehavior. They had doubtless studied the system of etiquette which prevails at the City Hall during public hearings, the standard being set by the honorable gentleman who sits in the highest of the high city seats, and attended the meeting determined to give the magistrate a taste of his own medicine. It is evident from certain of his observations during the ordeal that the Mayor found the dose a bitter one. If it shall prove to have been so bitter that he reforms his own ways, the time may come when a reputable citizen may be able to appear before him in behalf of the city's interests without fear of personal insult.

Meanwhile we hope the ladies and gentlemen of the public schools will remember not to carry their City Hall manners into the school-room.

Uncle Sam and the Future

THE open door in China appears now to be an assured fact, and no little credit is due to the Hon. JOHN HAY for having brought about an understanding between the powers by which possibilities of future conflict are reduced to a minimum. The correspondence recently published is of an interest equal to its importance, and should give a glow of pleasurable pride to every American citizen who reads it. It would seem as if everybody wanted to be good friends with Uncle Sam; and since in the nature of things this cannot be because they are afraid of him, it must be because they respect him. It is much finer to be respectable than to be terrible; and if, after having lived snugly in his shell for a century and a quarter, Uncle Sam emerges into the larger life to be received with respectful admiration and not with shrieks of terror, he may consider his past a successful one, and congratulate himself upon the firmness of the foundation upon which the nation has been reared. We are standing before the open door of a new century, and there are important duties ahead of us to be performed. There is no reason why any one among us should have misgivings as to our ability to meet whatever emergencies may arise. We have outgrown the swaddling-clothes of the past; we should put aside childish things, and face the future as a strong man would face the battle of life. Wherefore it devolves upon us to turn a deaf ear to the wailings of the faint-hearted, to the evil prophecies of the gloomsters, and to the querulous protests of the drones who rely upon impetus rather than upon energy to carry us through the complications of the future. Our past is secure, our present is one of vigorous health. If the future fails us, it will be because we have ceased to be—Americans.

The Writings of Washington

IT is a popular custom nowadays for publicists to quote GEORGE WASHINGTON whenever they wish to emphasize a point. It is a commendable custom. If we had the power we would compel every pupil of our public and private schools, of our colleges and our seminaries, to pass an examination in "The Writings of GEORGE WASHINGTON" before permitting him to receive a diploma, for we can conceive of no surer evidence that a man is at least worthy to begin the serious work of life than the fact that he has been able successfully to pass his "WASHINGTON paper." But there are several ways of using the Writings of WASHINGTON, and they are not all equally commendable. Some of them, indeed, are wholly reprehensible, since upon certain isolated lines, removed from the main body of the context, conclusions are predicated which one must think would fill the heart of the Father of his Country with despair. By compelling all American citizens to acquaint themselves with the dicta of the first President, still *facile princeps*, and by making it a penal offence to quote his words to the confounding of their real spirit and the real meaning of their author, we might interfere with some of the liberties men take, but we should be performing an inestimable service in behalf of the liberties we have fought so hard to secure.

An Example

LET us take the Tooley Club of Boston as a fair example. The members of this amusing aggregation of academicians have had a great deal to tell us about what WASHINGTON would have said with reference to entangling alliances and "expansion" and "imperialism," but they do not waste much time on that part of his Farewell Address wherein he speaks as follows:

> The very idea of the power and the right of the People to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government. All obstructions to the execution of the Laws, all combinations and Associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, controul, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force—to put in the place of the delegated will of the Nation, the will of the party;—often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community;—and, according to the ultimate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests. However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the People, and to usurp for themselves the reins of Government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

WASHINGTON was wonderfully gifted with foresight. It is evident from the above words that even the Tooley Club came within the range of his vision.

A Word for the Tooleys

WE do not wish to be understood as saying that, in our judgment, the Tooley Club of Boston is made up of "cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men," for on two of the counts we do not believe them guilty. They are not unprincipled, however misguided they may be. Nor do they seem to be unduly ambitious outside of a certain line, which suggests that they like seeing their names in the papers.

But sometimes they strike us as being awfully cunning. Mr. WINSLOW'S recent letter to Bishop POTTER was precocious almost to the degree of cuteness. In short, if it had been written by a twelve-year-old boy, we should have regarded it as a very smart performance. We have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. WINSLOW, and so are not aware whether he is a man or a boy. We have an impression that physically he has reached man's estate, but it may be that he has been a consistent anti-expansionist, and has not permitted himself to grow beyond his twelfth year. If this is true it will account for the letter to the Bishop.

General Joubert

WHATEVER may be the other results of the South-African conflict, it has served to bring before the public eye a true man, a real statesman, a soldier, and a gentleman. It matters little what side we may take in the unhappy quarrel itself, we are all of one mind regarding the late General JOUBERT; and if it were possible for him to-day to look into the hearts of his fellow-men all the world over, friend and foe alike, he would see that which would stir his rugged and chivalrous soul, and, after his own homely fashion, he would thank his Creator for having vouchsafed to him his span of days upon this earth, and to have permitted him to so order his ways that in the hour of his death all men lament his untimely end and bow their heads in reverence to his memory.

With all their vaunted civilization, with all their pride of birth and length of lineage, with all their environment of culture, the British might well have been proud to have produced such a man as this, and it is an encouraging sign that from all parts of the United Kingdom come tributes to the valor and the character of the dead Boer general, which, while not greater than he merits, are nevertheless remarkable because they spring spontaneously from the hearts of those whose wishes he was fighting with all the ardent stubbornness of his nature.

To have produced one citizen like General JOUBERT is a finer achievement than to have won a thousand bloody victories upon the field of battle. May this prove in some measure a solace to the people of the Transvaal in the hour of their affliction!

ANGLO-IRISH RELATIONS

By ARNOLD WHITE

It is an English custom to underrate one's enemies. There is, it is to be feared, no question whatever that the Celtic Irish as represented by Mr. John Redmond and his seventy-nine supporters in the House of Commons are the avowed enemies of the British Empire, and that the average Briton underrates their power for mischief. The circumstances which have recently led to Irish Nationalist political reunion are well known. I need say nothing on the subject. What is remarkable, however, is that the disaffected Irish, from the time the war broke out, have shown more sagacity and prescience in their estimates of the struggle in South Africa than would be credible to those who have not studied Irish opinion. Again and again the Irish forecast of events has been fulfilled, while the anticipations of British military experts have been falsified by the event. When the war broke out the English believed what they wished to believe; the Irish, with the military aptitude and political instinct which cannot be denied to them by their bitterest opponents, accurately presaged the fall of events. Anglo-Irish relations are assuming a new phase. From the irreconcilable Irish point of view the prospect is hopeful. With the object of obtaining for the readers of Harper's Weekly an exact statement of Anglo-Irish relations to-day from the Irish point of view, I requested Mr. John Redmond, M. P.—Parnell's successor—to allow me to communicate to the American public in his own words his statement of the Irish case as it presents itself to him. The following is what he said to me at the House of Commons a few hours after the news of the surrender of Cronje had been received in London: Mr. Redmond expressed the opinion that "the main factor of the present situation to be remembered by American well-wishers to Ireland was that the Irish party was once more, after a lapse of years, a united body of eighty members of Parliament independent of any political party."

Asked what the new Parnellite party desired, Mr. Redmond replied, "Home-rule." The term being somewhat nebulous, he proceeded to declare that what was wanted was a scheme of national self-government at least as full as Mr. Gladstone had proposed.

The condition of the people in the west of Ireland is what it has always been. The people are hungry. There is not enough healthy food or employment to make a contented and happy peasantry under the existing system. The programme of the new league for dispossessing the landlords of the grass farms and planting the people on the soil thus obtained is good, if it can be realized.

On the Mayo election he spoke as follows: Mr. MacBride's candidature was a serious one, but although the chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party was not intervening in the election, it could not but be regarded as an event of ominous significance to the empire that one of the candidates, with the approval of all Nationalist Ireland, should be actually in arms with the Boers against the forces under Lord Roberts. All the empire was favorable to British arms but Ireland. There must be a reason for this, and the reason must be deep-seated when Cronje's surrender is regarded in every Irish village as a national calamity. The real obstacle to home-rule in the minds of the British people is not the racial difficulty nor the economic question, but the religious trouble in Ulster. There can be no settlement until this is overcome, and the settlement will only be final when the will of the majority in Ireland shall be as potent and effective as the will of the majority in England. Were Ireland satisfied, and England were right in a contest, Ireland would be with her. But Ireland is against England in the Transvaal war on the double ground that England is wrong on the merits of the case, and Ireland is inveterately opposed to England whether she is right or wrong.

In the opposition which the Irish Parliamentary party are able to raise the Local Government Act is an enormous help. It has completely destroyed the plea of administrative inefficiency and incapacity which was raised in former years—as, for example, when Lord Salisbury made his celebrated Hottentot speech. The act is an immense lever, and from the Nationalist point of view it is an entire success. There is no corruption and there is no oppression. In the administration of the Local Government Act the district bodies are not only pure, but economical, and Mr. Redmond gave some interesting examples of the thrift and caution with which county affairs are managed. The new act is admirable also in another respect. It is extremely well drafted. There is now reason to fear that Mr. Gerald Balfour's illness will cause him to vacate the Irish Secretaryship.

With regard to the murder in Sligo, there is nothing Agrarian about it. For ten years he has been a popular man with the tenantry, and it is a monstrous assumption to attribute to that particular crime an Agrarian motive. Violent men are to be found in every community, and the Bird murder was no more political than the last sordid suburban crime of a drunken English wife-beater.

The independence and new strength of the Irish Parliamentary party, occurring at a time when England's extremity, her war in South Africa and her extreme and undeserved unpopularity abroad, told against her, held out every prospect of expanding the power of the Nationalists, and betokened that home-rule will be obtained a great deal sooner than people expect. Self-government is what is asked, and colonial home-rule is the type most favored by the Nationalist party as an instalment to the only settlement that can be accepted as final.

With regard to England, Mr. Redmond recognizes a degeneration in the health of the people. Hospitals multiply; cancer, consumption, town life, the rural exodus, decrease the physical force and stamina of the people. But as the power of the English people decreases, and in the degeneration may be included the English governing classes, the power of the Irish whose occupations are rural increases.

There is no reason to believe that Mr. Rhodes has changed his opinions on home-rule. Ten thousand pounds is a large sum to have given to any party, and the fact of its not having been repeated is no evidence whatever that Mr. Rhodes's views have in any way been changed. With regard to the official chief of the Liberal party, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman still occupies his position on the fence. The Nationalists have repudiated the alliance. He has not repudiated it, but it does not alter the fact that the Nationalists are completely free of both political parties.

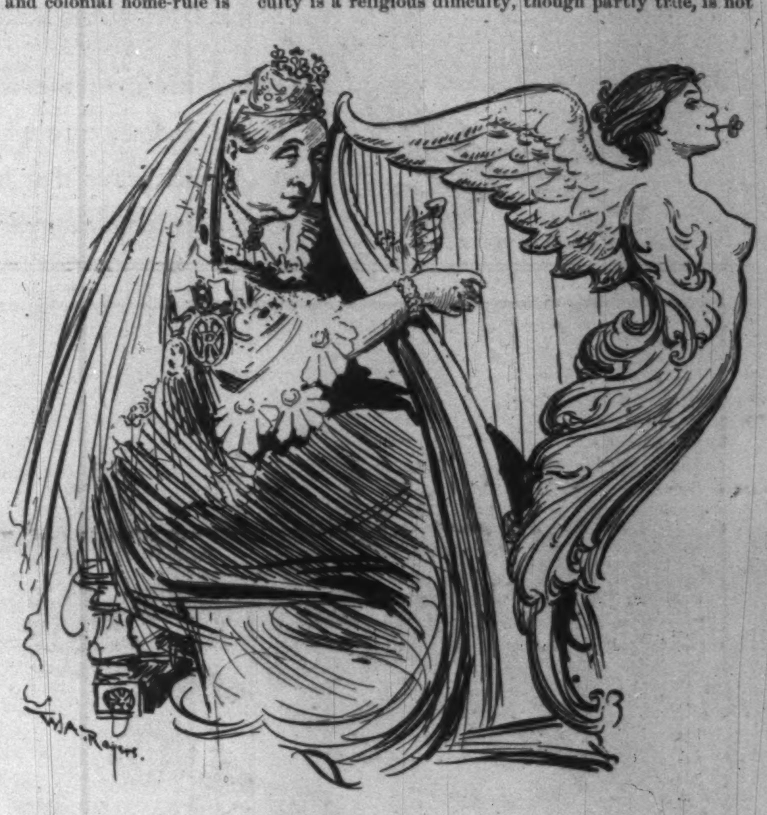
The Irish party has been able to clog the Parliamentary machine. When money was wanted for South Africa the discussion took ten days. But for the Irish, the money might have been voted in half an hour, and it was probably worth £10,000,000 to England not to exhibit to the Continent the divided counsels arising from her failure to satisfy Irish aspirations.

There are four facts which should be known to the people in America. Since 1853 the population of Ireland has diminished by one-half, while the taxation per head has doubled. In the same period of time the population of England has largely increased, while the taxation per head has diminished by about one-half. The resources of Ireland diminish as the resources of England increase. Any attempt to diminish the representation of Ireland will be vigorously opposed, and Mr. Redmond regards the complete surrender of home-rule and disfranchisement as the only two possible alternatives, but that the latter is out of the question in consequence of the growth of constitutional feeling among the people.

Thus far Mr. Redmond. Since then the Queen has taken a hand in the discussion. At eighty years of age and after thirty-seven years of absence her Majesty is about again to visit the Emerald Isle. She will wear the shamrock in her breast on St. Patrick's day, and has authorized the War Office to permit the wearing of the green in Irish regiments on the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint. The fact of the matter is that the courage, the dauntless, magnificent, almost unequalled courage of the Irish Brigade with Buller has stirred the imagination of the Queen and her subjects throughout the empire. Mr. Redmond's agreeable suggestion to me to the effect that the Irish would rather be fighting on the side of the Boers, but rather than not fight at all they will fight for the Queen, may have an element of truth in it, but like almost every Irish assertion that is made on either side, the statement is grossly exaggerated. The Celtic race is essentially governed by tribal traditions. The chief of the tribe, or sept, is invested with a glamor that does not surround the personality of the rulers of other races. The Queen's visit to Ireland is not political, and appealing as it does appeal to a just and noble sentiment, it will certainly bridge the chasm between the throne and the Irish people. The cold formalism of English rule has much to answer for. Lack of imagination, appreciation of the other fellow's standpoint, and generous sympathy with the troubles of people they dislike or despise are not characteristics of English bureaucracy. If the Queen could establish personal rule in Ireland the probability is that she would be more popular than Mr. Redmond.

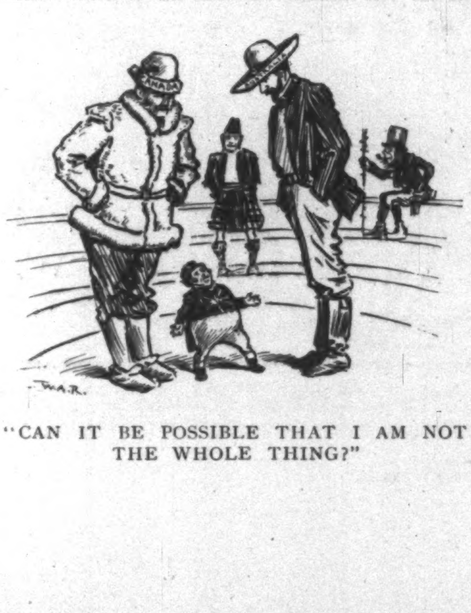
Politically speaking, the Irish question is insoluble by Act of Parliament, because the only thing that Ireland wants is the only thing that England is unable to give. Ireland wants colonial home-rule—that is, liberty to separate, to arm, to drill, to send ambassadors to other powers, and to exercise all the functions of a sovereign international state. Short of this everything that England can give is but a concession to be made use of as a stepping-stone to independence.

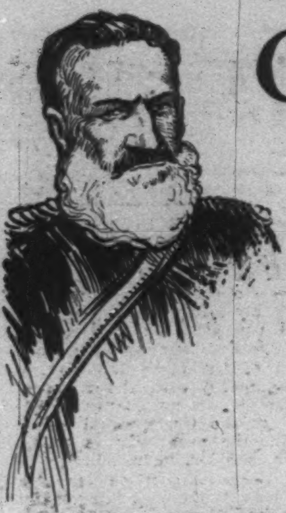
Again, Mr. Redmond's view that the Irish difficulty is a religious difficulty, though partly true, is not a statement of the whole case. Ultramontane influences are deadly hostile to the freedom of thought and action which are the underlying principles of the British Empire.


AN EFFORT AT HARMONY.

The Irishman is more a citizen of the world than the Englishman. The former is sensitive, imaginative, inaccurate, light-hearted, and verbose. The Anglo-Saxon is staid, solid, silent, with a freezing manner that stings rather than chills the expansive Celtic nature. Few Englishmen have any conception how repulsively offensive they can make themselves to the Latin, Celtic, and Teuton races by their stony stare. The insularity of England has been one of the chief sources of her safety—like the skin of an armadillo—but as the British grenadier wears upon his head a bear-skin hat to make him look more formidable than he is by nature, so the average English official in Ireland—there are of course some excellent exceptions—adopts as his official manner an air of superiority and condescension which is the raw material of revolution.

The civil service examinations through which Anglo-Irish bureaucracy passes into office do not include any test as to the geniality or pleasant manners of the candidates. This African war will produce a great effect on Anglo-Irish relations. Not only have the Irish soldiers done so magnificently well as to raise Ireland sentimentally in the opinion of the whole empire, but the feats of Canadians, Australians, Cape-Colonists, Scotchmen, and Welshmen have brought home to the man in the street knowledge of the fact that England is only one among a considerable number of other countries, who together and in union have established order in Africa. No longer can politicians speak of England as a synonym for the British Empire without being checked and interrupted by their audiences. The English race is the most numerous, the strongest, and the richest among many races, but its supremacy as regards Ireland is no longer lonely. In the congeries of races which go to make up the British Empire the English are but one.


"CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT I AM NOT THE WHOLE THING?"



GENERAL JOUBERT

DIED MARCH 27. 1900

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

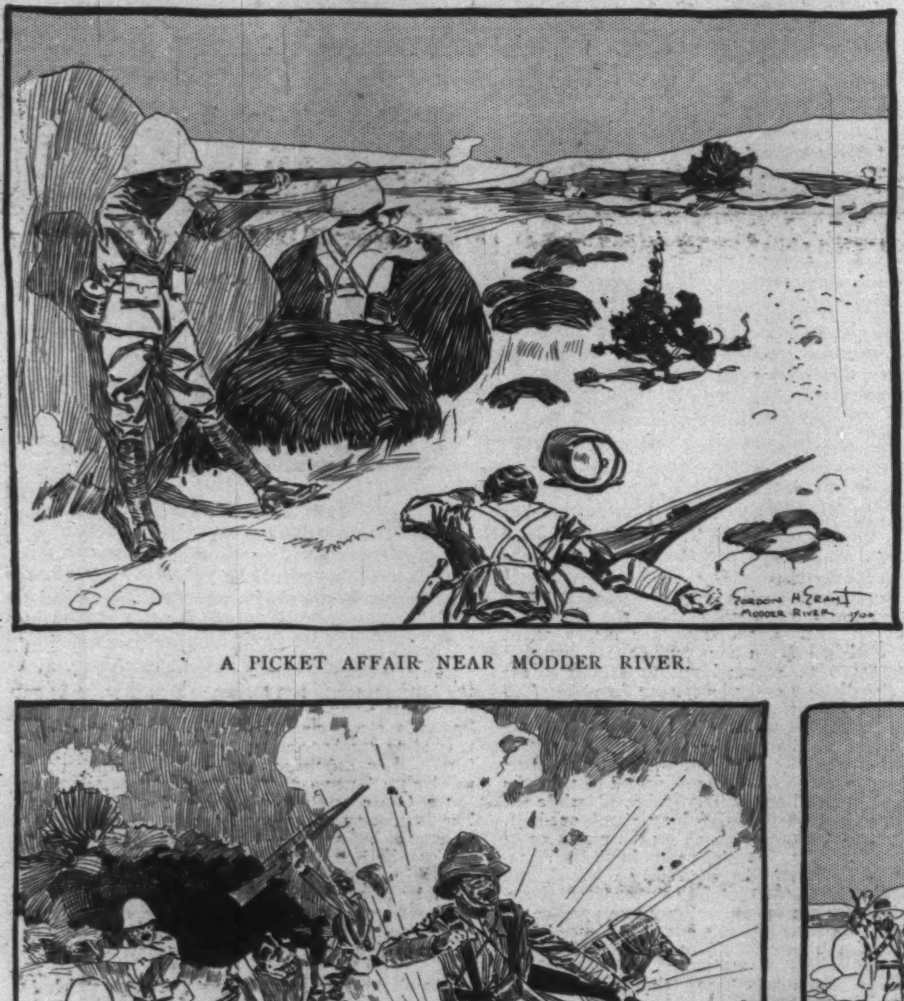
(By Cable to "Harper's Weekly")

WITH those that bred, with those that loosed, the strife
He had no part whose hands were clean of gain;
But, subtle, strong, and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause and knew the gift was vain.

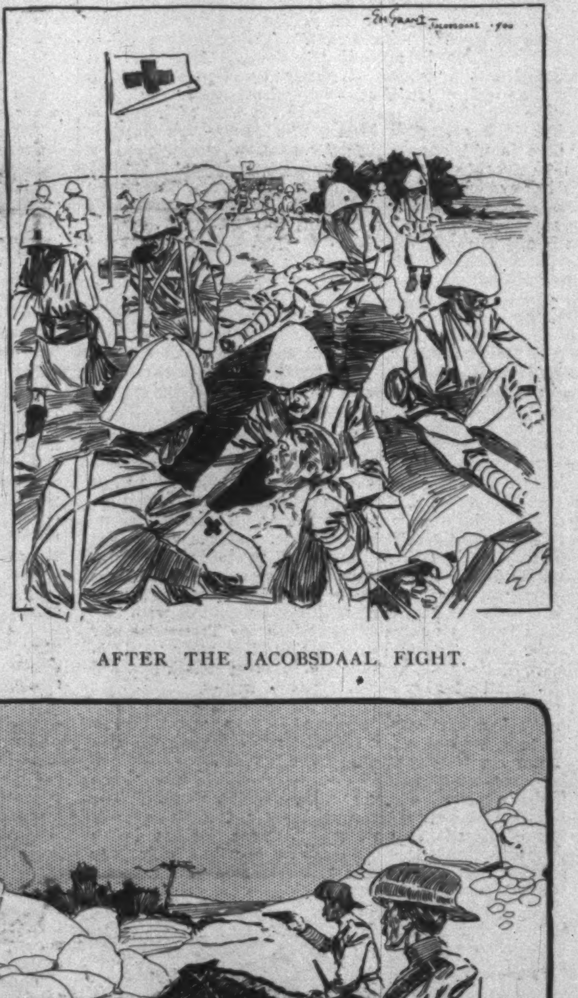
Later shall rise a people sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one,
Telling old battles over without hate—
Noblest his name shall pass from sire to son.

He shall not meet the onsweep of our van
In the doomed city when we close the score;
Yet o'er his grave that holds a man
Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once more.

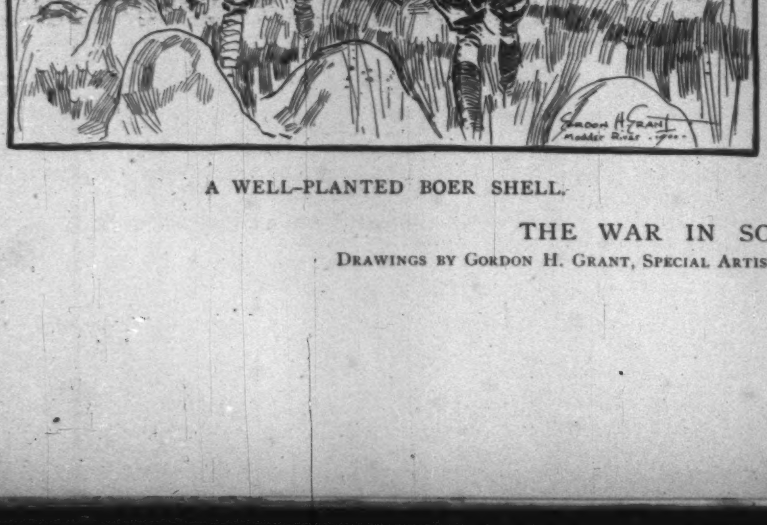
(Copyright, 1900, by Rudyard Kipling)


Gordon H. Grant
Modder River 1900

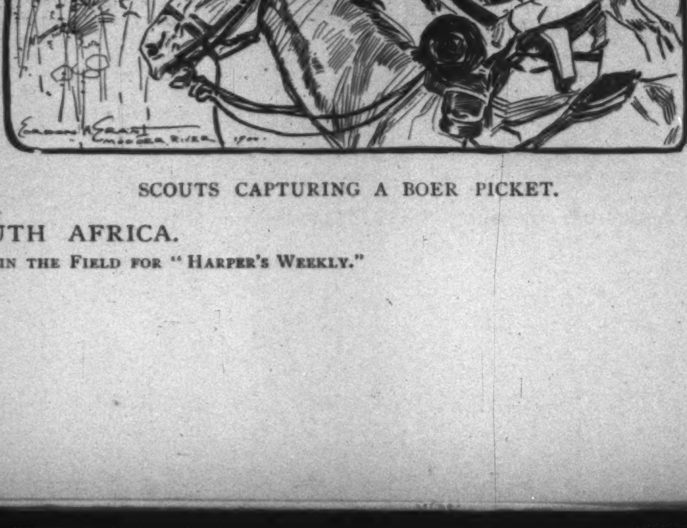
A PICKET AFFAIR NEAR MODDER RIVER.


G. H. Grant Jacobsdaal 1900

AFTER THE JACOBSDAAL FIGHT.


Gordon H. Grant
Modder River 1900

A WELL-PLANTED BOER SHELL.

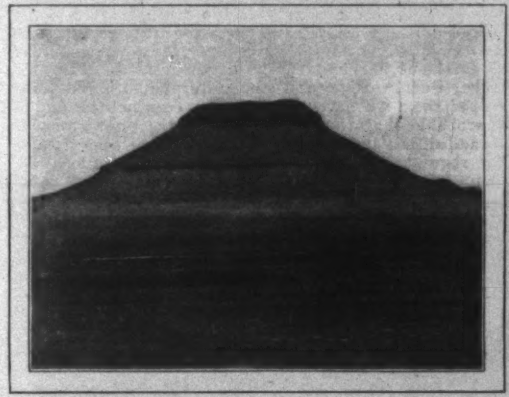

Gordon H. Grant
Modder River 1900

SCOUTS CAPTURING A BOER PICKET.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

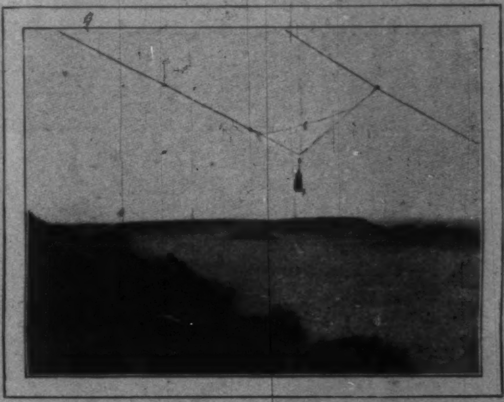
DRAWINGS BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

BRITISH INFANTRY ON THE MARCH.

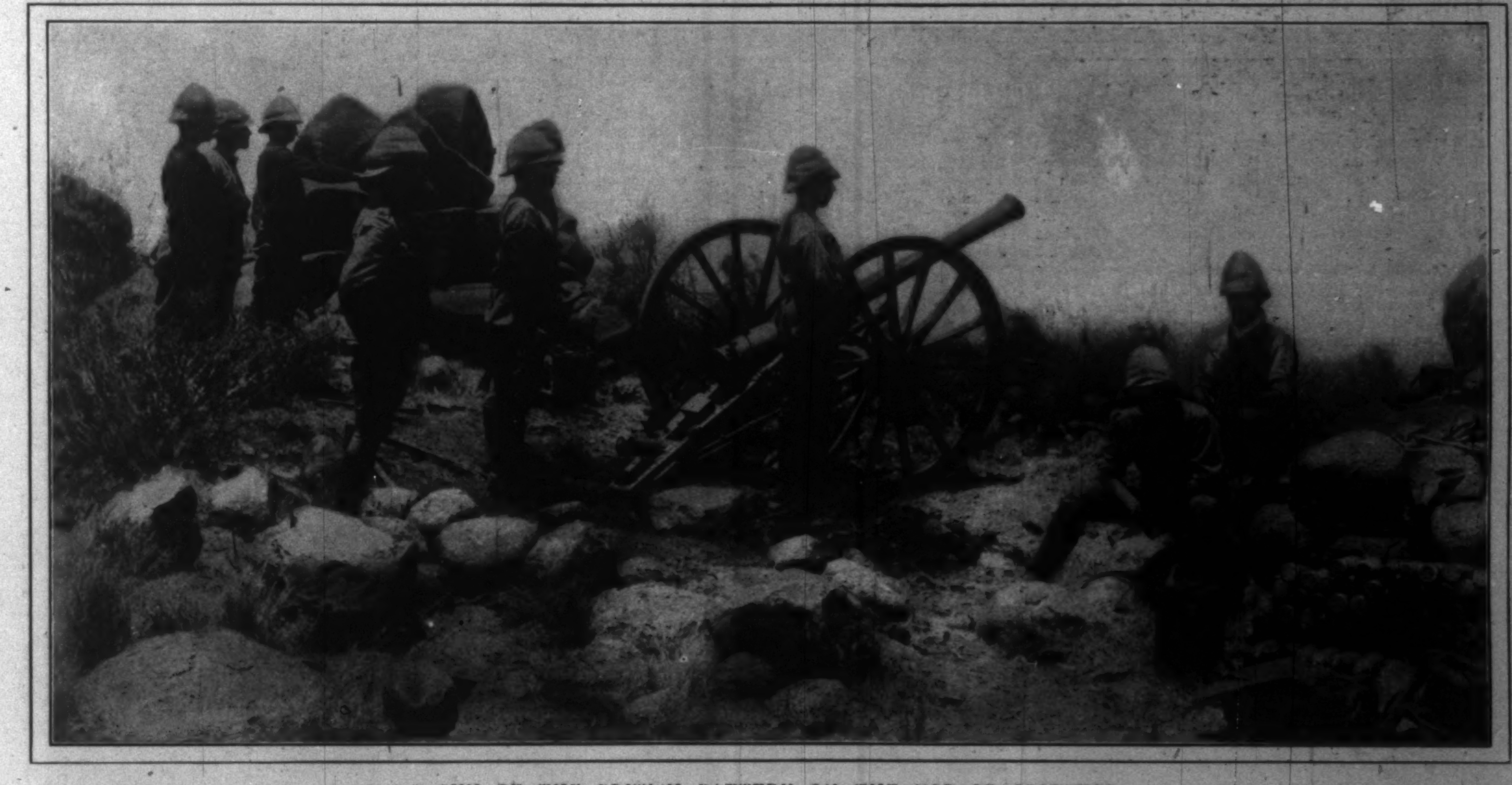


COLESKOP, EIGHT HUNDRED FEET HIGH.

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.



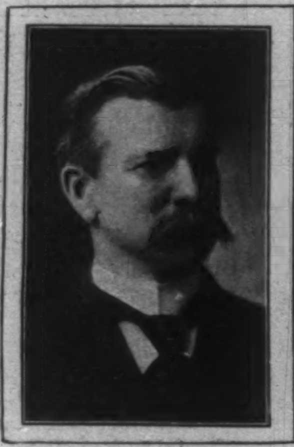
THE AMMUNITION-LIFT.

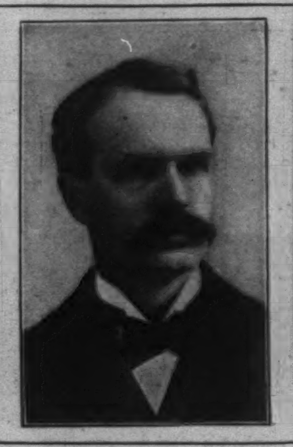


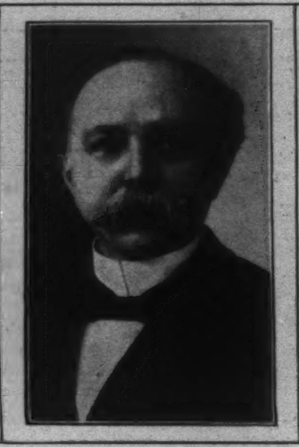
A GUN OF THE BRITISH BATTERY ON THE TOP OF COLESKOP.

COLESKOP is a steep cone 800 feet high, rising above most of the hills about Colesberg. By a clever feat of military engineering the British mounted two 15-pounder guns here, and by this means succeeded in forcing the Boers to shift all the laagers within range. The view from the summit where the battery was placed is magnificent. In order to get ammunition up to the guns it was necessary to improvise a lift, for it was impossible for men or animals to carry powder and shell up the precipitous sides of the mountain. The lift consisted of a long piece of telegraph wire attached at the top and bottom of the hill to rails fixed vertically in the ground; a pulley was attached to the wire, and from it a canvas bag was suspended, containing shells, cartridges, etc., which were drawn up to the summit of the hill by means of another thinner wire. One of the small photographs represents one such load, of about fifty pounds, on its way up the hill-side.

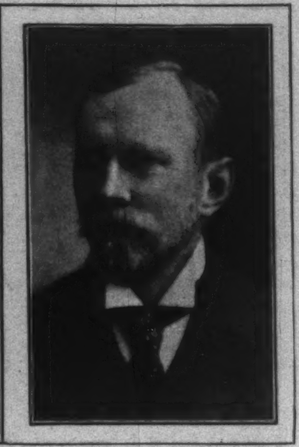
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.


HON. LUKE E. WRIGHT.


PROF. BERNARD MOSES.


JUDGE HENRY C. IDE.

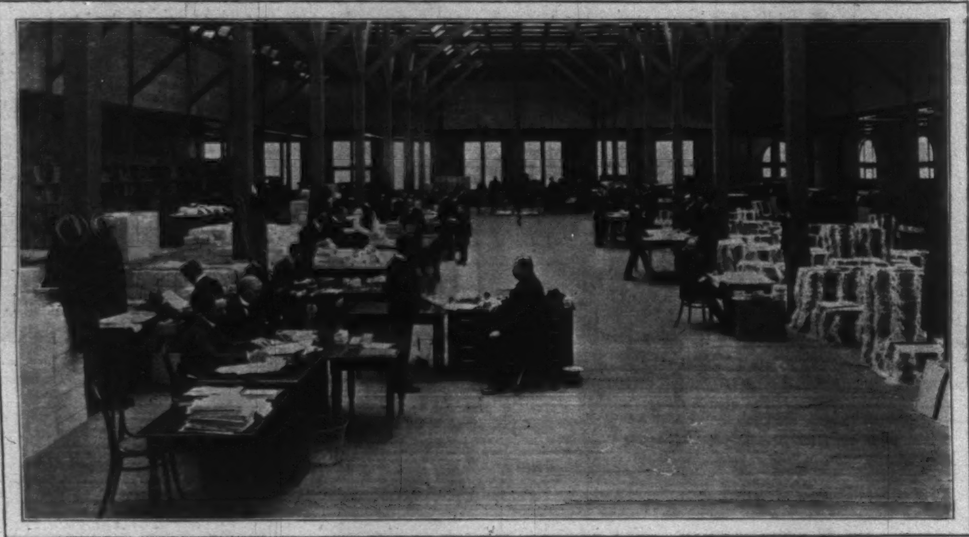
JUDGE WILLIAM H. TAFT.


PROF. DEAN C. WORCESTER.

COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT McKINLEY TO ESTABLISH A GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

TAKING THE CENSUS. *By Hon. W. R. Merriam, Director*

IN the great work of numbering the people the extremes of the two opposite factors, haste and methodical slowness, are essential to success. There is a time to take things very easily and quietly. That is before the census-taking begins. Too much hurry at this stage has been largely responsible for the failure of former attempts to secure accurate census information. There is a time when the work cannot be done too quickly to insure success. That time comes after the enumerators have handed in their returns, and the result must be got ready for the public. It is a long and laborious task to tabulate census returns, but unless it is done quickly the conditions that existed when the census was taken have had time to change, and the value of the statistics has greatly depreciated. Previous census-taking has been criticised on account of the reversal of these qualities of quickness and slowness, the enumerating being done with unfortunate haste and the tabulating with such leisurely slowness as to make the figures almost meaningless when they reached the hands of the public.


A WORK-ROOM IN THE NEW CENSUS BUILDING.

We shall take warning by previous errors of this kind, and shall be systematic in our plans and as quick as methodical counting can be in making public the result. It is impossible to enumerate the differences between the plan for this census-taking and that of previous ones. The improvements instituted are all part of the general plan, and the methods employed may, generally speaking, be said to be entirely new. The law provides for the separation of the administration and statistical branches of the work, the latter branch being divided into fifty departments, and the former consisting of the ordinary clerical force.

At the head of the statistical branch there is a chief statistician who will devote his entire time to the directing of the work of collecting data in connection with the numbering of the people. Under him will be a man who will see to the collecting of all information relating to the mechanical industries and manufactures. Another man will be held responsible for the gathering in of all possible facts regarding mortality, disease, and death in the United States. Still another will collect information regarding the agricultural industries of the country, the number and extent of the farms, the exact quantity of cereals grown, the acreage of cotton, wheat, corn, barley, etc. This man alone will send out 8,000,000 schedules for the purpose of securing the information for which he is held responsible.

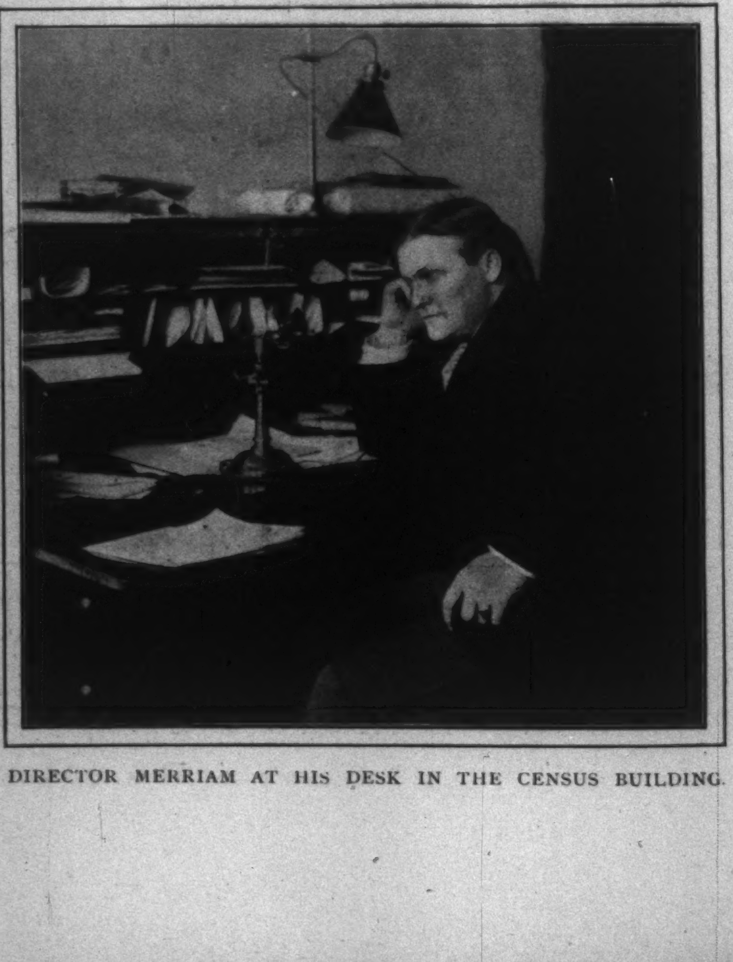
It is planned to have ready for distribution two years from next July eight volumes of vital statistics, including all the information obtainable on the manufacturing and agricultural industries. After that we shall take up special subjects, such as statistics of pauperism, crime, disease and mortality, transportation, mines and mining, and a host of other subjects. Heretofore it has taken from five to seven years to get the information of the census-taking into the hands of the public. We shall have the first volumes out in two years, and the others as soon after that as the compilations can be completed.

There are novel tasks attending the numbering of the people this time. The most interesting is that of the census-taking in Alaska. Two men will have the oversight of this branch of the work. One is already established there, and has all the districts subdivided into enumeration sections. On June 1 the men engaged to do the work will start out from St. Michaels, where the chief census-taker has his headquarters, and will travel east, west, north, and south, some in sleighs drawn by dog teams, some in canoes, others by steamboat, on horseback, and afoot. They will travel up the rivers and into every little creek, through the forests and into the sparsely settled regions, visiting distant settlements, many remote colonies and hunting-cabins — census-taking under conditions that never obtained in any previous numbering of the people. In southern Alaska the census-taker will find his task no easy one, for all the innumerable little islands, inlets, and coves that are unreachable except by boat will have to be visited. The arrival of the census man will be a remarkable event in the lives of many in that region.

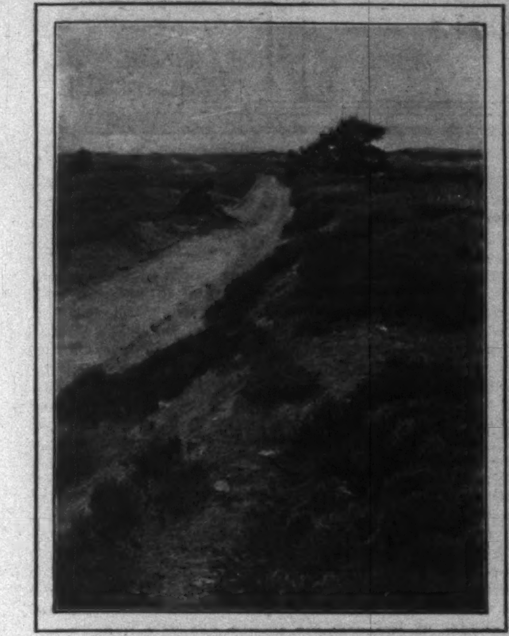
In Hawaii the taking of the census as recently as 1896 has greatly simplified matters. Mr. Atkinson, editor of the *Hawaiian Star*, who is to have charge of the work there assisted materially in taking the previous census. He has already selected his men. He will have to cover a mass of small islands by boat. The census-takers at this section will take particular care to qualify the nationality of the population, the number of American citizens, the antecedents of the blacks, the complete history of the industries of the islands, and the output of the sugar, coffee, and other products of Hawaii. There is a mistaken notion abroad that the census will include the numbering of the new American peoples of the Philippines and our wards of Cuba and Puerto Rico. This census covers no outside section of country but Hawaii. The War Department has had charge of the census-taking in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. We have helped them whenever our help has been needed, and it is probable that the census-taking in these quarters will be added, but in a separate volume, to the statistics of the regular census-taking of which I have the direction.

The actual collecting of the information by the enumerators, which will begin on June 1, will last from fifteen to twenty days. Fifteen days is the time allowed for cities above 8000 population, and thirty days in the country. In Alaska the work will probably take longer, and will cost per capita more than in any part of the United States. When the first returns are in the great work of counting will begin. It will interest most people to know that the work of counting will be done by machinery so far as possible. A machine will count as many as 900,000 names a day. Briefly, the system is to punch holes opposite to the answers to the various questions; the position of the hole determining the fact of the person named on the card being black or white, married or single. The machine does the counting by the perforated hole permitting the card to slip into its right place in the mechanism. The machine will even correct errors. For instance, if a married person is set down on the card as being three years of age, the machine will refuse to pass any such absurd statement, and will call attention to the fact of something being amiss.

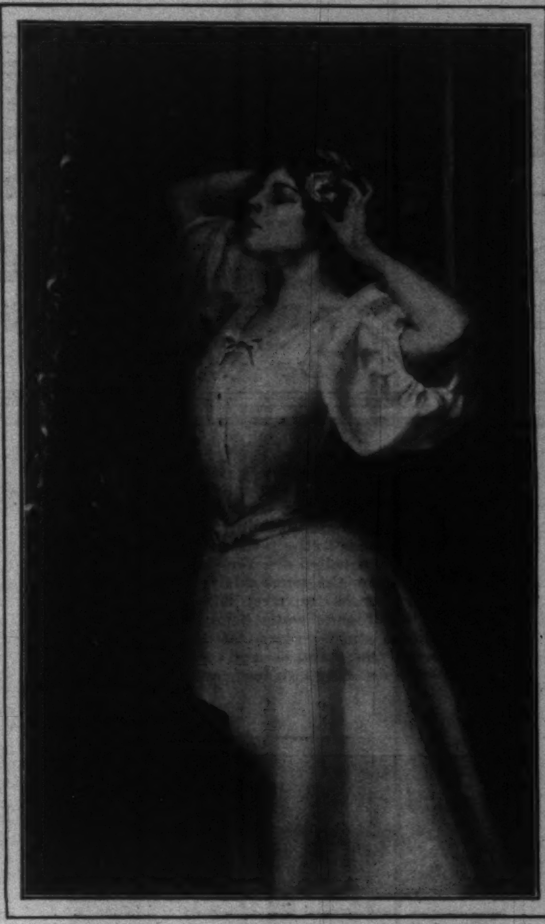
Even with such able assistance as this, however, it will take at least two years to get the information of the Twelfth Census into the possession of the people.


DIRECTOR MERRIAM AT HIS DESK IN THE CENSUS BUILDING.

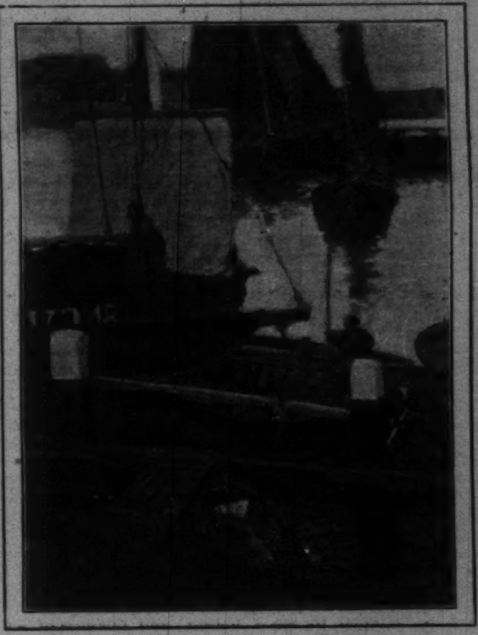
The Twenty second Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Artists



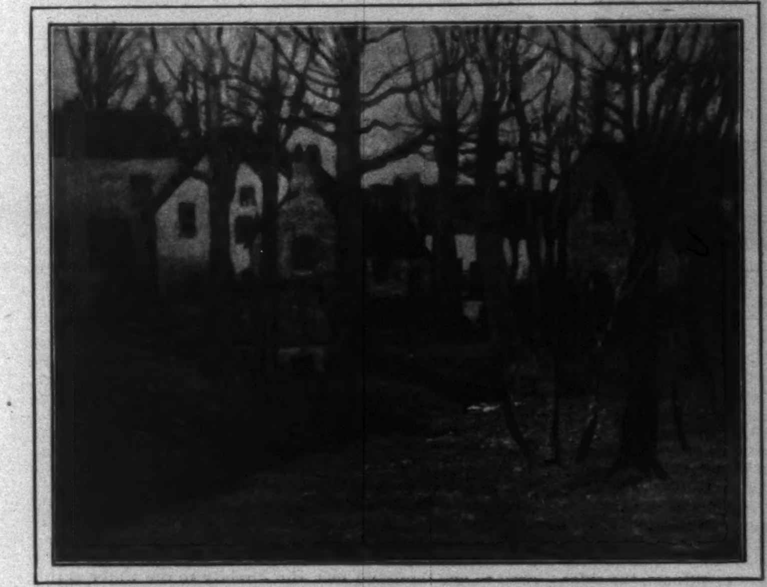
REST BY THE WAYSIDE.
By William M. Chase.



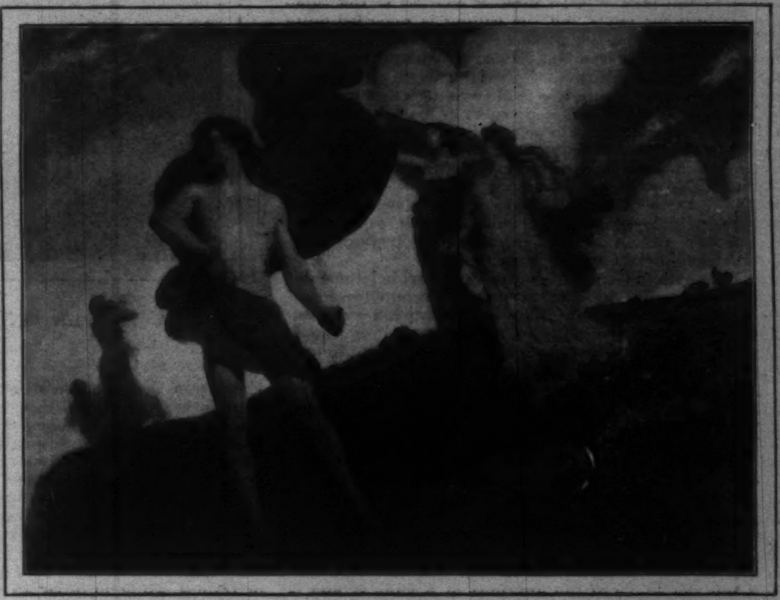
THE YELLOW ROSE.—By Irving R. Wiles.
Selected by the Jury for the Shaw Fund.



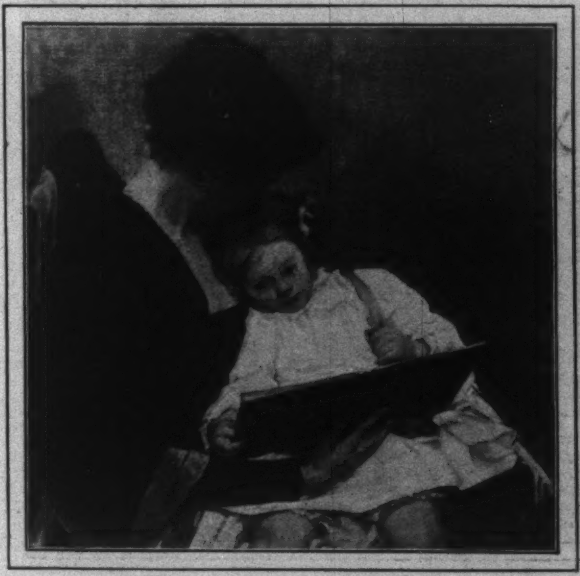
FISHING-BOATS IN HARBOR.
By Taber Sears.



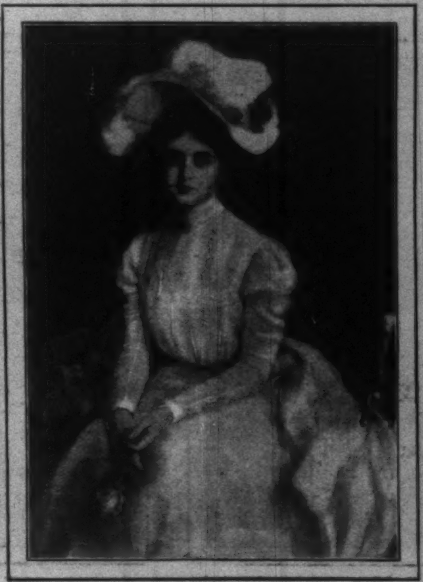
AUTUMN IN BRITTANY.—By W. Elmer Schofield.
Winner of the Webb Prize.



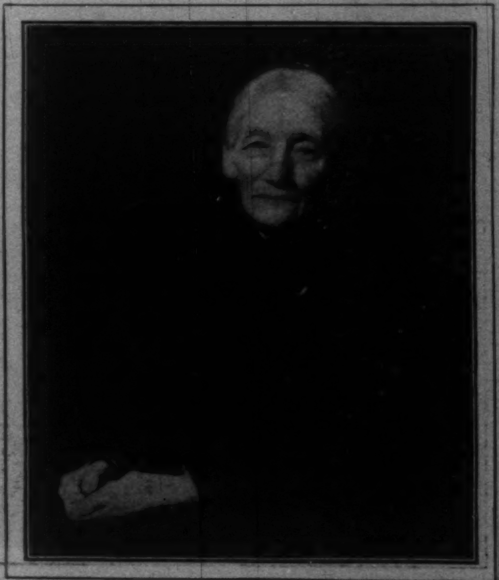
TEMPLE OF THE WINDS—SUNSET.—By Louis Loeb.



THE END OF THE DAY.
By Sergeant Kendall.



PORTRAIT OF MISS C.
By William Thorne.



MISS SARAH PORTER.
By Robert B. Brandegee.

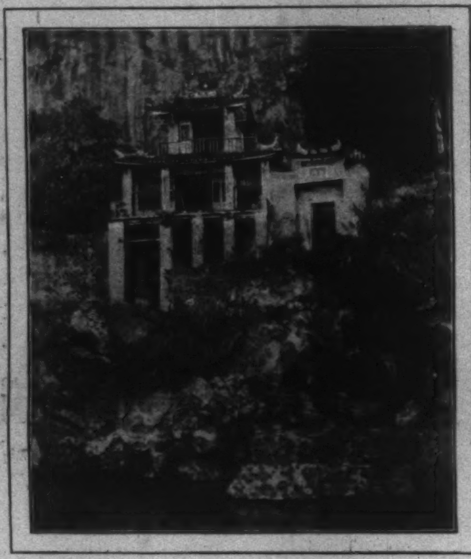
HU-NAN
THE CLOSED PROVINCE OF CHINA
By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS
IV *The Exit*

FIVE miles from the borders of Hu-nan we reached Ping-shih, a flourishing-looking town of perhaps three thousand people, the principal reason of its existence being a point of transferrence from boat transportation on the Wu-shui to land portage. The whole surface of this part of Kwang-tung, however, is very mountainous, and the population is quite scant. The difference from Hu-nan conditions was quite noticeable. While foreigners rarely visited Ping-shih, they were not entirely unknown, and therefore we were not quite the same object of intense curiosity.

The most striking thing of all was the pawn-shops. These singular buildings, which are a particularly Kwang-tung institution—although the pawn-shop is known everywhere in China—are built of masonry, in huge square towers, sixty to eighty feet on the side, and with a height of one hundred feet or more, presenting a most imposing appearance, suggestive rather of an ancient feudal castle, with the comparatively tiny houses huddling about the base, than anything so essentially practical and commercial as a pawn-shop. The construction and shape of the building are for protective purposes. The material of which it is composed presents a safeguard against fire, while its solidity, its great height, and fewness of windows or other openings offer the greatest obstacle to successful assault by robbers. Within are numerous floors, on which the goods pawned are carefully stored after being neatly indexed. The ordinary practice of the pawnbroker in the way of high interest charges is the same here as in other lands, but the calling is regarded quite differently; in fact, the pawn-shop is looked upon as a blessing, the broker as a benefactor, and the presence of a high tower the indication of good business. If a town possesses more than one, it is taken as a sign that it is particularly prosperous. The pawn-shop partakes of the nature of a bank, the Chinese arguing that no one would borrow unless he can employ the capital with profit, and as the pawn-shops are the means of furnishing capital, therefore the greater the number the greater the prosperity. As the Cantonese have always been the most progressive and energetic merchants of China, so the pawn or banking system of this province has become more highly developed than elsewhere.

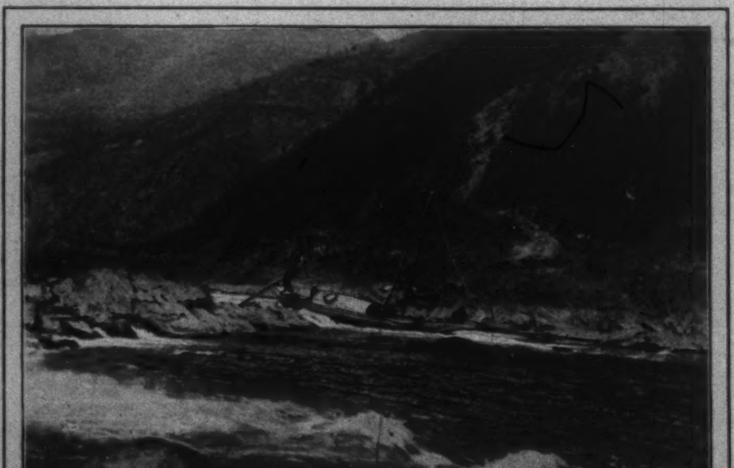
At Ping-shih the expedition was again divided, the chief engineer preceding by boat to make a reconnoissance of the river and of the route following the stream *viâ* Sam-shui and Fat-shan, while the survey party went overland, although sleeping on boats to within fifty miles of Canton, where they left the river and struck directly for the city.

Kwang-tung is drained by three principal streams, of which one is the Pearl River, which flows to Canton from the east, and with which our expedition has nothing to do. The others are the Si Kiang (West River) and the Pei Ho (North River), with their respective tributaries. These rivers join at Sam-shui (literally "Three Waters"), twenty-five miles due west of Canton, the combined streams going to form the Canton River and the net-work of channels and small streams that intersect the flat land that extends to the sea. The West River is the most important, draining not only the western portion of Kwang-tung, but the whole of the province of Kwang-si, and is open for steam navigation, even at low stage, for shallow-draught vessels for some considerable distance, and, on account of the facility of navigation, has become an important trade route, with a treaty port of its own. The North River, as its name would indicate, strikes north to Shao-chou, where it forks—the right-hand branch, carrying the name of Pei Ho, draining the Nan-ling Mountains on the south side to the province of Kiang-si, while the left-hand branch, called the Wu-shui, drains the slope of the same range on the south side from Hu-nan. During the winter months the river is very shallow, shoals with not over one foot of water being of frequent occurrence to within a short distance of Sam-shui; and even while following the tortuous and continually shifting channel, a vessel drawing two feet cannot proceed up the river from the junction more than fifty miles. The Wu-shui is very shallow—especially the upper waters—for the first fifty miles below Ping-shih. We were therefore compelled to take the smallest boats we had yet used. These little boats have a water-line length of about twenty-five feet, but on account of their peculiar overhanging ends, in order that they may be run up to the bank on a flat shore, are apparently very much longer. They are about five feet beam, are flat-bottomed, and are built in the lightest manner possible, the composing boards being only about three-quarters of an inch thick, without braces or frames, while, in order to give some stiffness, the sides at the top are curved inwards amidships, and are held apart by thwarts at the fore and aft quarters. The roofing protection consisted of hemispherical bamboo mats on light bamboo frames. The boats, when loaded, drew about three or four inches only, and furnished accommodations for two of our party to each one. It was not long after leaving Ping-shih that the reason for the design was apparent, where, during at least half the year, the river is very low, and is nothing but a succession of quiet pools separated by swiftly running rapids, some of the latter being of no small force. In the worst spots a large oar would be rigged on the bow, and with which the boat was steered as well as with one at the stern. On approaching a rapid the crew would cease rowing and store the oars, while the two helmsmen, one in front and one behind, would prepare for their task. As the light boat felt the increasing current she began to better her speed. In front there would be a mass of rocks, and between them a narrow passage of white foaming water—a veritable Scylla and Charybdis, with apparent equal certainty of destruction whether we hit the rocks or miss them, for surely no vessel as light as ours could possibly undertake the strain with safety. On we shoot, straight for the rocks, when, just as a collision seems absolutely certain, down goes the bow oar, the boatman throws his weight against the inboard end, our boat's head swerves, and with a lurch she swings and clears the first danger by not over six inches, but only to get into the seething mass of foam. Surely now our frail craft must go to pieces; instinctively one looks at the face of the skipper, who, with stolid indifference, the characteristic of his race, betrays no sign that anything unusual is happening, but whose bright eye is fixed steadfastly ahead, and the keenness of the glance indicates that behind that eye, in spite of outward appearances, is a brain that is alert; the boat twists, she yields, her very bottom is seen to bulge upwards as it actually slides over the rocks, which are worn smooth by similar contact with many a sampan, then with a final leap she reaches the still surface of the pool ahead. It is only the lightness of construction and the lack of stiffness that make the journey possible. A boat with a frame and braces would have been at once wrecked. In these runs no orders are given, there is no excitement, no shouting, but every man of the four members of the crew knows exactly what he has to do and does it; these Chinese river boatmen make fine sailors. Before reaching the largest of the rapids, which is really a succession of them, our boats were beached and the combined crews went ashore to a little temple to do "Joss pidgin" to the river god. From the fact that we passed the danger in entire safety, one feels compelled to assume that his godship was pleased with the fire-crackers and brown paper burned in his honor. As the crackers are sold by the priest in charge, and as a large number of them were lighted, it would appear that the business of being a river god is not without its financial attractions.


A TEMPLE ON THE PEI HO.

From Ping-shih to Lo-chang, the first town seen for a distance of nearly forty miles, there is one continuous cañon, furnishing the most beautiful scenery found anywhere along our march, and, for beauty and grandeur combined, is the equal of any river cañon that I have ever seen. The stream varies in width from one hundred to five hundred feet. The hills, having a height of six hundred to one thousand feet, run directly to the water without any beach or level shore. The country is absolutely wild, there being no population and no cultivation; unfortunately, too, there are no trees except in a few places,

FAT-SHAN CREEK.


THE WU-SHUI RAPIDS.

THE WU-SHUI RIVER.

INTERIOR OF A JUNK.

RIVER TRAVEL.

the mountains having probably been long since stripped of their timber. It is possible, perhaps probable, that examination with a diamond drill will show that these hills are underlain with coal, as coal outcrops at Lo-chang, and again in the vicinity of Shao-chou. They are covered with a rich, strong grass, and are capable of supporting herds of sheep or cattle.

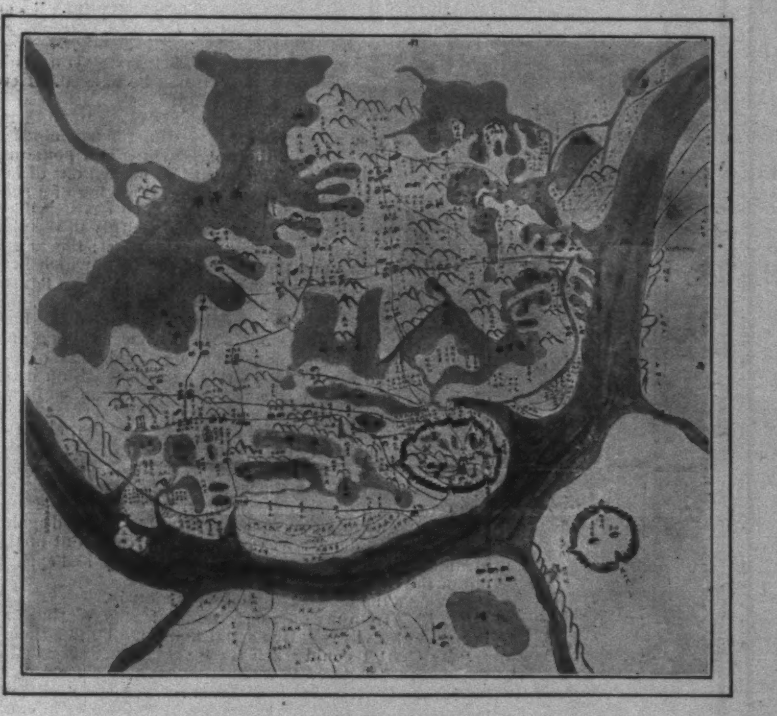
At Lo-chang, a place of perhaps four thousand people, situated at the mouth of the gorge, we exchanged our little boats for a regular junk. The whole atmosphere of our surroundings was quite different from what we had been accustomed to. There are seen growing the banyan-tree and other tropical vegetation. Women are working with men, especially in boats, and but few of them have the terrible inflicted deformity of pinched feet. The houses are of a different nature, and in the windows and from the balconies are seen growing green plants and flowers. Neither in Hupeh nor Hu-nan had we seen a single evidence of an appreciation by the lower classes of natural beauty, and we had begun to consider the title of "Flowery Kingdom" as sadly misplaced; but from Lo-chang onwards we saw, in an increasing ratio, a desire on the part of the people to improve the attractiveness of their environment.

In point of time we were now approaching the Chinese New-Year, the greatest day, or rather period, in the whole calendar, for the attendant festivities are of a continuous character for three days, during which all business, even in the commercial centres, is absolutely stopped, while the effect extends over about two weeks before normal conditions are again resumed. The Chinese year is lunar, the beginning being marked by the first new moon following the passage of the sun into the constellation of Aquarius, imposing limits of January 21 as the earliest date and February 19 as the latest. In 1899 it fell on February 10. On all sides are evidences of the approach of the fête. If no house-cleaning is done at other times, and usually that is the case, it is ordained by precedent that everything must be washed at this season. Along the river-banks were seen women with their trousers rolled up to their thighs, standing in the water alongside of their household furniture, giving their chairs and tables and clothes-presses a good bath. Boatmen were posting to the sides of their boats colored slips of paper with "good-luck" mottoes or prayers, while the shops in the little villages were evidently doing a thriving business.

Forty miles from Lo-chang brought us to Shao-chou, a walled city with seven to eight thousand people, the official residence of a Taotai, a prefect, and a magistrate, the most important city in northern Kwang-tung. We reached there on New-Year's eve. As foreigners were known here—some foreign missionaries being actually in residence—a walk ashore without a guard was possible, a luxury not enjoyed since leaving Hankow. Seasonable decorations were everywhere in plenty; the shops were loaded with fire-crackers, toys, house decorations (usually of red paper), and articles suitable for presents—for the latter are exchanged at this season of the year between all friends. At one time there would be seen a gentleman bringing to his home a chicken and other delicacies which were to go to make up the feast next day, and which, with all due ceremony, he would deposit on his door-step and prostrate himself before them; at another time we met a business man hurrying along with preoccupied air, evidently finding difficulties to raise the funds to pay off his debts, which must be liquidated, in accordance with the Chinese law, before nightfall. The evening was quiet, but exactly at midnight the New-Year was ushered in with a deafening peal of fire-crackers from every junk and from every house, for no Chinaman is so poor as not to be able to afford his salute, accompanied by a general din of gongs, bells, and rattles.

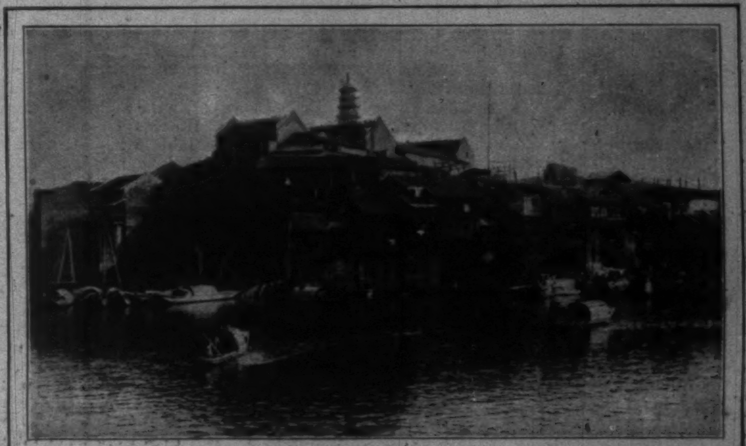
On February 15 we passed out of Fat-shan Creek at Fati, and Canton lay before us, and the first American Industrial Invasion of China by an organized force was at an end.

Ten days later the balance of the party, which had necessarily made slower progress, arrived, and, in spite of mournful prognostications to the contrary, the journey was finished, and with much better treatment at the hands of the natives than would a similar expedition of Chinese receive during a trip of equal length under similar conditions in the United States, or even possibly in Europe, due in great measure to the care taken of us by their Excellencies Shêng-Tajen, Director-General of Railways South, and Chang Chih-tung, Viceroy of Hupeh and Hu-nan, to both of whom in many other ways I am much indebted. Wherever we went we had the pleasure and honor of carrying with us the American flag, the first foreign flag to be seen in this portion of China, and alongside of it, in compliment to the country we were visiting, we flew the Imperial Dragon. The scientific results were entirely satisfactory. In addition to determining the general location of the railway, we established the longitude and latitude of the various cities, discovering, as was to be expected, differences in their locations as usually platted. We noted the magnetic variation of the needle, locating the line of no variation where it crossed our path; we established the lines of drainage, both north and south of the Nanling Mountains, correcting many errors; but, above all, we discovered the true pass across the range connecting the head-waters of the Yu-tan with those of the Wu-shui—that is, between the waters of the Yang-tse Valley and the China Sea.



A CHINESE MAP.

In this work our difficulty lay principally in procuring reliable information in advance. The average Chinaman, and certainly every one in the interior, does not comprehend at all the meaning of the word accuracy—all his statements are "about." The unit of distance in China is a li, a distance which is approximately 1825 feet, or something more than one-third of a mile; but the li differs in different parts of the empire, just as the tael or standard of value differs, so that for ordinary usage the expression "li" is of little value, while for accurate computations it is worse than worthless, for it is misleading unless all the circumstances are known. Thus there are official li along certain highways specially devoted to travel, which are termed "official highways." On these coolies are paid for carrying merchandise at so much per li, and by common consent under these circumstances all distances are reckoned short, the ratio of the error between stations not being constant, and varying from 20 per cent. to as high as 50 per cent. Thus a distance which would actually measure, say, 20 li would be set somewhere between 24 and 30 li. On a parallel highway and one no longer the true distance, or something approximating it, would be given; hence we were always in a perpetual quandary and argument with the officials as to which would be the shortest route to follow when there was a choice. Then, to add to the complexity, in certain districts the distance is reckoned not only on the basis of length, but partly on the time required. Thus,

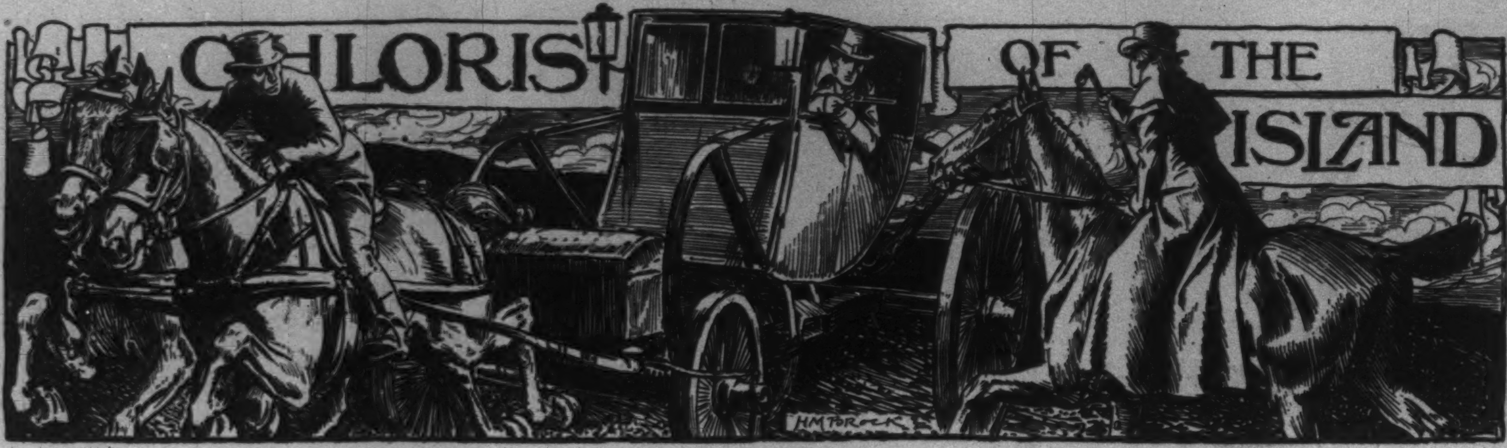


THE TOWN OF LO-CHANG.

if the road from A to B is up hill, the distance from A to B might be 40 li, but from B to A only 30. Distances are also stated in multiples of 10 above 20, and in multiples of 5 between 5 and 20, and below 5 in single li—a custom arising from the fact that the ground is considered as divided into zones, the distance between the centres of the zones being so many tens of li. If the points in question are on the nearest limits of the zones, the distance given on the zone basis is too great by 10 li, or, if on the outer limit, too little by a like amount; and all such distances are subject to further correction as to whether they are official li or otherwise, and by the several other local conditions or even personal equations of the informant. If there were any rule in these vagaries it would not matter so much, but there is absolutely none. Of maps we were fortunate in securing one of Hu-nan, which, considering it was a native production, was very good, and as a general thing fairly reliable, although once in a while its woful errors ran us into difficulties. The local maps purporting to give details were caricatures, and outdid the productions of Herodotus and other early European geographers. The particular map of which an illustration is given purposes to represent not the unexplored country, but civilization, including the viceregal capital of Wu-chang and the metropolis of Hankow. At this point the Yang-tse River runs almost straight. Had the local cartographer so shown it on his map one of two things would have happened: either he would have used a larger sheet of paper or the river would have run off the border. He very successfully and ingeniously avoided both difficulties by giving the river a graceful bend. The rest of his topography and details are shown with equal fidelity. Yet the officials treat these things quite seriously, and use them as a basis of argument.

In China there is no fixed nomenclature—even the country itself is without a name—and this lack of distinct and recognized appellations was a frequent source of difficulty. Of personal information from natives there was none obtainable on which any credence could be placed. A Chinaman, unless he be a porter coolie or a boatman, rarely travels or gets during his life more than a few miles in any direction from the place where he was born. When trying to procure information concerning the immediate locality it was no uncommon thing to have a native, and even sometimes men of local position, say, "Oh, I have never been so far away as that," or, "I have never been across that hill, and so do not know what is beyond."

By nature the Chinaman is industrious, patient, hard-working, and long-suffering. He is frugal, and not a drunkard, and possesses the necessary qualifications, under a good and liberal government, to succeed in again placing China among the great nations of the earth.



BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

CHAPTER I.

THE FIGHT IN THE "THREE FEATHERS."

IN the month of May of the year 1805 a chaise was travelling at a great rate across the rude moorland between Feldway and the sea. The two horses were kept at a fast trot, and broke now and then into a canter under the whips of the postilion, so that the carriage rocked and pitched over the stony ground, and the occupants rolled from side to side and jostled each other within the body of the coach. One of these was a young man, most elegantly dressed in the height of the fashion.

"The devil!" said he, as he was thrown against his companion, and he laid his arms about her. "Dorothy, you repent not?" he asked, tenderly. "Tell me, my love, that you are happy."

"Yes," she murmured. "I am happy, yet I fear."

"Pooh!" said he. "What should you fear? I am with you, and a match for any half-dozen rogues. Let me tell you this, sweetheart—"

But at this moment, ere he could proceed further with his reassurance, the chaise came to a pause sharply.

"Why, the devil! What are you about, fool?" cried the young man in a fury, and flinging open the door, he abused the postilion roundly.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man, humbly enough, "but knowing you were flying the law, I thought I'd mention that there stands a horseman yonder."

"Gad! so it is!" cried his master, in alarm; "but pests, one man! D'ye think he has cut us off, Payne? He may have others with him. He stands by the cross-roads. There's his face against the moon, damn him! Well, what do I care? Drive on, and drive over him, rascal. The lady and I must reach the port to-night ere twelve."

So saying, he pulled to the door, and the chaise rattled on at a sharper pace even than before. The young man looked out of the window.

He primed his pistol and loosened the sword by his side. "D'ye think I'm not fit for one—or a dozen, Dolly?" he continued, with a perceptible swagger in his voice. "The deuce take me, but I will bring down a brace at one shot. By the Lord! he moves, and is forward to attack us! No doubt he has some fellows behind him. Now's my chance fallen to me. Duck your head, Dolly dear, and I will settle his account."

With these words he threw open the window and laid his pistol across the wood-work. The horseman, who was at rest some twenty paces away on the cross-road, suddenly dug his heels into the nag and came with a cry towards the coach.

"Stand off, by Heaven! or I will send you to the other place!" shouted the young man.

The horseman reined in quickly, and broke into laughter.

"You hot colt, Jack!" said he. "Put up your toy. I am no fly-by-night, nor yet an officer of the law."

The coach came sharply to a stop at an eager command from the young man, and he leaped forth ere the wheels had ceased to roll.

"Hang me, Roger, but you should have had a bullet in your stomach in another five seconds. What brings you here? You never were closer death. I can't brook to be stopped now. But I'm devilish glad to see you. See, I've done the trick; I've put out the trump. Here she is, pretty girl."

"Is this Miss Holt?" asked the new-comer.

"Aye, 'tis Dorothy. Come out, sweetheart, and let Mr. Warburton see you. He is my very old friend, as you have heard."

The girl stepped diffidently from the chaise, and the three stood in the rising light of the moon. Warburton made a sweeping curtsy, which she acknowledged as deliberately.

"You are bound for the port, Shirley?" asked Warburton.

"That is so," said Shirley. "We are bowling along for Redmouth, and must fetch there by midnight, when the boat sails."

"Whither do you go?" inquired Warburton, after a silence.

Shirley laughed, as though tickled by a sense of his wisdom. "Why, to London!" he answered; "the last place we shall be looked for. I'll be bound Sir George will not suspect London. He will hunt the country and go north. He will keep his eye on Gretna Green. My faith! we'll plague him."

"Sir George Everett is a shrewd man," remarked Warburton, and stared at the girl, whose face was ill revealed in that fine thin light. "It is a grave thing to abduct a ward in Chancery," he said, in his slower voice. "Have you considered what you are risking, Miss Holt?"

"Damme, Warburton, I will have none of these croakings!" interposed Shirley, angrily. "D'ye suppose she wants to listen to an old raven like you? You shall not prevent her."

"Zounds, man, I wish to prevent no one!" said the other, with a laugh. "You need not fly out on me. I am here only to bid you God-speed. I wish you happiness, and Miss Holt too. I intended to catch you."

"You've a good heart, Roger," said his friend, as swiftly veering in his mood. "Hang it! you shall ride along with us and see us despatched. What's this I see yonder? Why, 'tis a light in a window!"

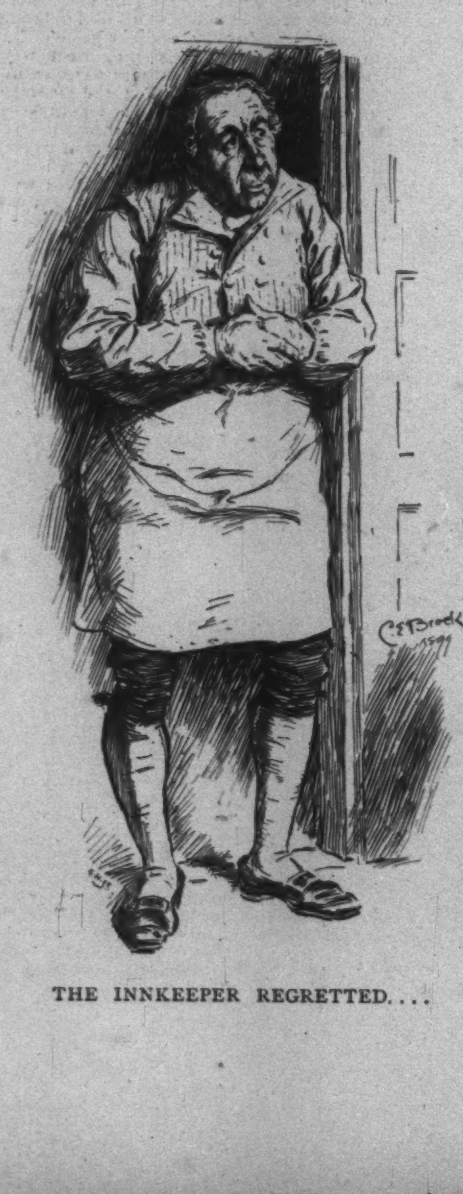
"'Tis a way-side tavern," said Warburton.

"Gad! then you shall toast Dolly and drink to our luck. Come along; those fools will not be on our track. I will have you drink to us."

Warburton good-humoredly followed the impetuous fellow, and leaving his horse in charge of the postilion, entered after the girl and her lover. They came into a cozy little room, and sat to a rude table, Shirley ordering port wine and brandy.

He was a good-looking, very young and eager fellow of middle height, with dark glancing eyes and a strong complexion. Warburton, on the other hand, who was some seven-and-twenty years, stood very tall and broader, and was wholly of another cast. He had the brown English hair, and his eyes were indefinite betwixt gray and blue, bright and clear as steel. His face was of a particular healthiness, and somewhat tenderly shaped, save for the jowl, which was large, harsh, and dominant. The whole aspect of his face was that of strength, even of brutality, yet he carried with him an air of good temper, even to the point of patience.

What he looked on was a slim and delicate creature of some nineteen years, neither high nor low in stature, but properly modulated in her figure. It was in her color that she showed so delicate, which was of a soft golden pink that stole to and fro of her cheeks with her emotions. Her eyes were wide blue, and her tresses, gathered in the pretty ostentatious fashion of that time, were golden-brown and crimpled. Her looks were infinitely seductive, and changed and wavered, breaking in a score of embarrassments under Warburton's gaze. His eyes left her face slowly, and as if for the first time conscious of their boldness, and strayed leisurely down her body, from the high girdle at her bosom along the yellow silken gown. Then he lifted his glass.



THE INNKEEPER REGRETTED....

"I drink luck to Miss Holt," said he, in his deep voice.

"Hang you! to me, Roger, also!" said Shirley, impulsively. "You shall not drink to her alone. She is Miss now, but she shall be Mistress to-morrow—stab me, she shall!"

"Why, where are your manners, Jack?" laughed Warburton. "D'ye think I was going to couple you with this pretty figure? You may couple yourself, not I. I own to a jealousy against it."

He laughed loudly and good-naturedly, as though he saw an unusual humor in his jest. But Shirley leaped to his feet in a passion of rage, and with an oath.

"What! Would you make eyes at her under my very nose?" he cried, red as a turkey-cock. "I will teach you a lesson in manners. I see now why you pursued me so far, you with your pretences of friendship. But, gad! you are found out, and I will cut out your false heart!"

"Peace, silly fool!" said Warburton, sternly. "You are like a pistol at half-cock that flies off anyhow. You insult this lady. She turns color at your insinuations, and if there were time and place it is I who would teach you a lesson. But, faith! we are a sorry wedding party. I have given you my toast; I add to it your name, Jack, you fool. Here 'tis; and now I will drink it myself. To your fortune and happiness, and confusion to Miss Dolly's guardian!"

"Bravo!" cried Shirley, with every symptom of his fury fled, and now laughing gayly.

He drained his glass and set it down.

"This brandy paid no taxes," said he. "'Tis a good omen that you also shall deceive the law."

Shirley swaggered out of the tavern, laughing, and presently they were again upon the road. The way now was descending from the high bare moorland into a long and broken coomb, sheltered with the great walls of the hills upon each side, and black and ragged with woods. The trees sought the cover of these close valleys from the wildness of the sea winds, and here they grew rankly, full of leaf and blossom, in this rich May weather. The road had narrowed, forming but a track cut through a thicket, and fenced from the bottom below by a hedge of thorn. The sky above was plunged into darkness as the clouds overran the moon, and at the same time the noise of voices came from behind like a clap to Warburton's ears.

"Jack, they're on you!" says he, shouting through the window, and urged on the horses himself with a stroke of his whip.

The chaise increased its speed, rattling and shrieking on its axles, while the postilion shouted and plied his whip. But the sounds drew nearer from the rear, and the padding of horses at a fast gallop was now audible in concert with the human voices. It was evident that the runaways would be overtaken.

"'Tis no use," said Warburton, above the noises. "You have no hope, Jack, to outstrip them."

"I have a pistol, damn 'em!" shouted the other.

"What, you fool!" remonstrated his friend; "you would proceed to that extremity? You will be hanged. Here they come. Sit still, you blockhead!"

As he spoke, there was the thunder of hoofs upon them, and out of the blackness emerged three horses abreast, their noses to the earth, their feet lashing and pounding in that fierce descent. The moon had broken out of her bondage and lit a clear space of sky, throwing of a sudden these furious riders into relief. The chaise, which was still running quickly, was pulled sharply to the side by the postilion, in order to avoid the onset; the horses backed in alarm upon the verge of the road, which here was unguarded by any fence or hedge. Three figures flashed forth in the brightness and drove upon them.

"By Heaven! what are you doing?" demanded Warburton, angrily, and his chestnut, struck in that headlong passage, swerved, and stumbled among the horses of the chaise. "The devil take you!" he cried, as with a noise of ringing laughter the riders swept by and plunged forthright into the pitchy darkness of the steeps beyond.

The chestnut reared and flung out his feet, and the chaise backed and toppled, threatening to roll over the edge into the valley below. But Warburton sprang from his seat swiftly among the struggling horses, and seizing them by the reins, dragged them, partly by force and partly by sounding oaths and cajolery, into the road again. The imminent danger was over, and he came out of the medley of legs holding his left arm. Shirley had sprung out of the carriage, and now met him.

"What's the matter?" he cried, anxiously.

"A kick from my own nag, the fool!" said Warburton, breathing heavily. "He should know me by this time."

"By God! I could teach these gentry manners, had I the chance," declared Shirley, furiously.

Warburton stared down the road into the darkness, rubbing his forearm. "There was a woman with 'em," he said, musingly.

"The more shame upon her!" said Shirley.

"'Tis the Carmichaels," interposed the postilion, speaking now for the first time.

"And who the deuce may they be?" inquired Warburton.

"They're a considerable family hereabouts," explained the man, "and upon Lynsea."

Warburton made no answer, but approached the chaise, putting in his head. "I trust you are not incommoded, Miss Holt," said he, politely, "nor too greatly alarmed. 'Twas nothing save some uncivil riders."

"Damme! I thought 'twas Sir George at last," said Shirley, with a laugh. "Confound those Carmichaels! I am in a sweat to keep my fingers on the trigger. Where are we, Payne?"

"At the bottom of the coomb lies Marlock, and 'tis but a walk to the sea thence," said the postilion.

"Marlock!" said Miss Dorothy, in surprise. "Why, 'tis here Sir George has a house!"

"What!" cried Shirley, laughing. "'Twould serve him finely if we set ourselves up there. Hark! I hear the water," he went on, abruptly. "I smell the sea. By Heaven! Dolly, we are within an hour of the harbor and safety. None can take you thence." He consulted a large gold watch under the moon. "What's o'clock? Why, 'tis early yet, and we shall take some food together ere we move further. We have eaten nothing these six hours—since we left Feldway. Payne, drive on."

They renewed the descent of the coomb, and shortly after the chaise drew up before an inn, from which swung the sign of "Three Feathers."

The room into which they came next was long, and low in the ceiling, with a black oaken wainscot; and two tables were spread there, one at each end, with a space of some twelve feet between them. On the threshold of the door Shirley, who was leading the party, stopped with an ejaculation of disgust.

"What! There are guests here already!" he exclaimed. "Landlord, can you not find us another chamber?"

The innkeeper, who was at their heels, regretted, with a helpless humility, that this was his only guest-room. "But they will not interfere with you," he added, hastily; "they are gentle-folk, like yourselves."

Impatiently Shirley strode into the room, and the eyes of the two men at the table next the door rose to his and fastened there with undisguised indifference. A woman, who was seated in a deep chair before the fire, did not so much as turn her head.

"Go on, Nick," says the youngest of these two men, helping himself to a generous glass of brandy. "What did you when the mare slipped?"

The man addressed still stared at the strangers out of his bold eyes. He was over Warburton's age, as tall, but slighter, and in every other particular in contrast with him. Black was his hair, and stark and black was his aspect, his face of a handsome swarthiness, and the only character in the face that spoke not of foreign blood was the grayness of the eyes.

Shirley and his party seated themselves at the further table, and in no good-humor the young man gave his orders, calling for a flagon of Madeira. By this time the younger man at the first table had recognized the presence of Miss Holt, and was gazing at her with interest, even with admiration. His mouth dropped open in his unconscious wonder to see her there, and then he looked at his companion with a smile. He cracked a walnut with his fingers, and threw it at the fire with a gesture of disgust.

"Bah! Tremayne," he said, "you've buried them too long."

"Aye, sir," assented the innkeeper, "'tis late for them."

Warburton eyed the pair with curiosity. They were both tall, and the one was as fair as the other was dark. Both were dressed with taste, and some distinction picked them out. Both faces were at that moment directed upon his table, and he observed with surprise that out of eyes of the same color sprang two very diverse expressions—the one, defiant, lowering; the other, gay, debonair, and kindly. If these were brothers, as a nameless resemblance seemed to suggest, they were discriminated by a marvellous incongruity.

The two resumed their conversation and their drinking; and presently, Shirley and his lady and his friend were engaged upon their supper. Under the influence of the wine and food Shirley recovered, and laughed and talked a good deal. At both tables there was much liquor drank, but the two strangers were drinking brandy. Presently the younger called out, in a louder voice,

"Sis, you'd best sip of a glass," he said, addressing the woman in the chair. "Come, sis, be not foolish. You will be sensible of the cold."

She paid no heed, and he swore a little, laughing, but resumed his talk with Nick. Presently the girl rose from before the fire, and walking leisurely to the door, went forth, her face undetermined in the low lights of the room. As if some reins were relaxed, of a sudden the two brothers' merriment broke out noisily. They had drunk a great deal of spirit, and showed no signs of abating; and now the effects of these potations came to be manifest, particularly in the younger. The talk swelled so loud that Warburton could scarcely catch what was said at his table, and Shirley, who was constantly dipping his nose into the Madeira, glanced up angrily and scowled. As it chanced, this ugly look was noticed by the younger of the brothers, who jumped quickly to his feet.

"I trust we do not inconvenience you, sir," said he, with a fine bow.

"You do—damnably," said Warburton, shortly and coolly.

"That I should be unwilling to think, seeing the presence of this lady," pursued the other, easily. "Gad! I am a chatterbox, madam, and I must hear my own voice."

"Get you back! You are drunk," cried Shirley, furiously. "You insult this lady."

"Leave them be, Philip; we have no time," called out his brother, impatiently.

Philip made another bow. "Gad! you are frank," he said, lightly, but speaking in a somewhat uncertain voice. "I may be drunk, but I know my manners, and better than to charge the offence upon a gentleman in the face of ladies."

Shirley made a movement to rise, but Warburton's strong fingers were upon his arm.

"Peace, you hot-blood," he murmured. "You said yourself they are tipsy."

The stranger walked back to his table, picking his way with a mixture of dignity and diffidence, but his brother uttered an oath under his breath, and rang loudly on the bell for the innkeeper.

"Another bottle, Tremayne," said he, curtly.

"Certainly, sir; certainly, Mr. Carmichael," returned the man, subserviently.

"Did you hear?" cried Shirley, in the act of lifting his glass. "Carmichael was what he said, Warburton. My God! but 'tis they that drove against us. Here, landlord," he called, "what name was it you called just now? Was it Carmichael?"

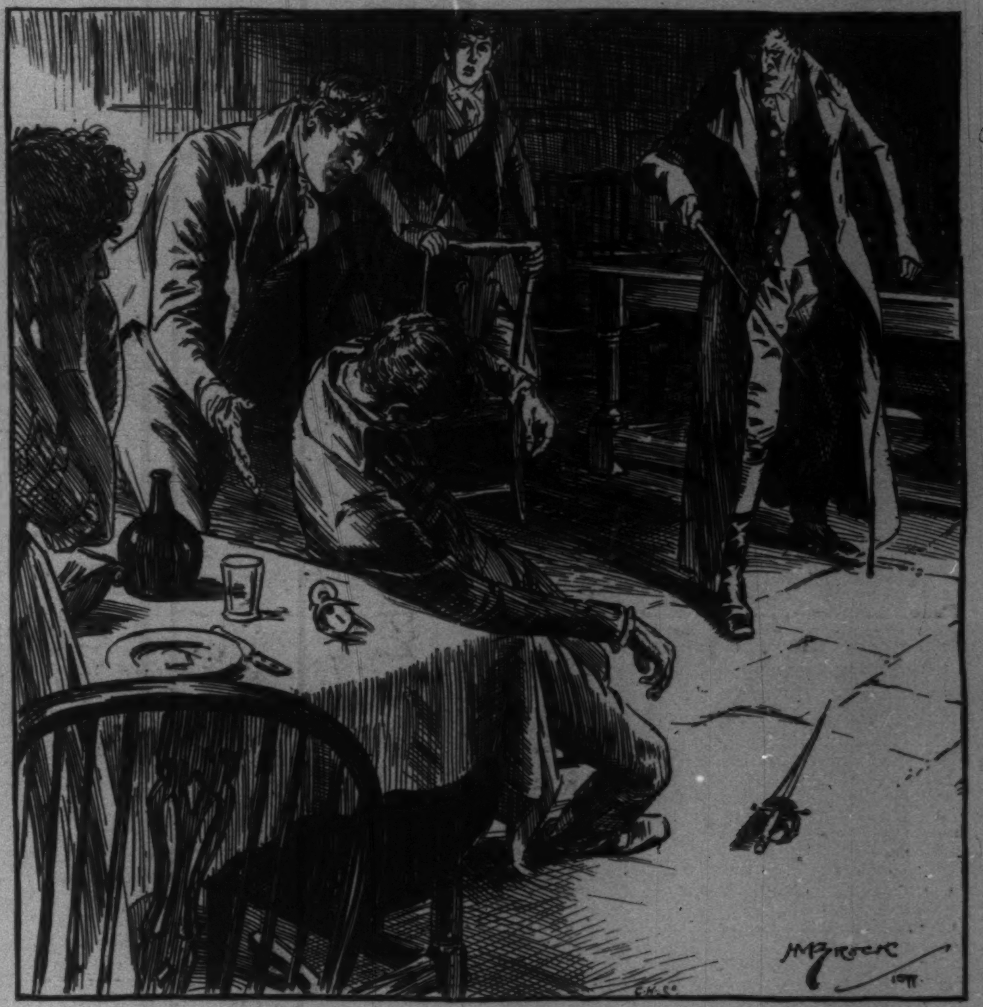
"Hush! sir; yes, sir," said Tremayne, in a low voice, and casting a glance of fear towards the other table.

"Damn me! man, d'ye suppose I care for your terrors?" said Shirley, flying out. "I am glad to know 'em—that's all. I have something to settle with 'em."

"If you sit not down, Jack, I will break your neck," said Warburton, in his ears. "You should be ashamed of yourself, with Miss Holt here. Contain yourself."

Shirley flung off the arm which detained him. "Hands off! 'Tis the second time you have set me back. I will have it out with these Carmichaels," he said, quite loudly, for he was now inflamed with wine.

At the sound of their own name the Carmichaels looked over, and a curious hard smile moved upon Nicholas Carmichael's face. Warburton was vaguely aware that behind that furtive sneer was latent some strenuous emotion, but the man spoke calmly enough.



"YOU HAVE KILLED HIM!" CRIED WARBURTON.

"Well, sir, and what want you with the Carmichaels?" he asked.

Shirley rose to his feet. "'Twas you rode us down," he said, angrily, "and I would wish you to know how I think of you."

"Ah, 'twas you, then, in the runaway chaise, was it?" said Nicholas Carmichael. "Hang me if you should not have been spared if we had known you carried so handsome a lady!" He spoke with a laugh, and his manner was even more insolent than his words. Drink had bred in him a black passion. Philip Carmichael sat across his chair, in his long and fashionable coat, giggling foolishly.

Holding Shirley back by force, Warburton spoke with command: "Sir, you were best to withdraw. You are not fit for a lady's presence."

Nicholas Carmichael turned his gaze on him, and deliberately lifted his glass.

"I will propose you a pretty toast," he said—"the prettiest toast in England, by God! and there she stands." He got no further, for Shirley, drawing his sword, sprang upon him.

"You base-born lout!" he cried, and his weapon clashed upon Nicholas Carmichael's.

"Hold, gentlemen—hold!" cried Warburton, in a loud voice. "There is a lady here. Cease, if you have any shame."

"By God! Nick, that's true," exclaimed Philip Carmichael, suddenly sobering. "Put up, Nick, you tiger."

But these interpositions were of no avail, for both men had drunk deeply and each was swollen with anger. At the first onset Shirley's point, carrying all before its vehemence, struck into the flesh of his opponent's arm. Carmichael drew back, his dark face colored, and, his eyes shining like gray wolves', he hurled himself in his passion upon the youth. His sword flew over the guard like a streak of fire. Shirley dodged and wavered, threw up his hands feebly, and then he fell heavily against the table and came to the floor.

"My God! what's this?" cried Philip Carmichael, now wholly sobered.

Warburton sprang forward. "You have killed him," said he, furiously. "A foul deed to take a lad's life!"

The room was wellnigh in darkness, save for the fire; for the candles had been overturned in that fatal fall. Nicholas Carmichael made no reply, and his features were working still, unrecovered from the frenzy. The innkeeper was shaking like a wand and crying out. Warburton stooped over the body and fingered at the breast. As he did so the door opened and the girl who had previously gone out returned, carrying a light above her head.

"What is this?" she asked. "Why are you in darkness?" and her eyes paused on the group and the body.

Warburton's attention momentarily strayed to the new voice, and he beheld, rising out of the pale light of the candle and set upon a tall figure, a full white face, about which gleamed red-brown hair. The fire-light flashed upon a dull green habit, and a three-cornered velvet hat crowned the head. These impressions he realized afterwards; at the moment he took in nothing save a new presence.

"What is this?" she repeated, wondering.

Nicholas Carmichael turned. "'Tis nothing, Chloris," said he, harshly, "save that some one has been speaking ill of the Carmichaels and has been punished."

She stared, and uttered a little trivial laugh of scorn.

"They will learn wisdom in time," she said, hotly.

"Get away, Nick, get away," said Philip Carmichael, earnestly. "I tell you you are best away."

When Roger Warburton looked up, he met the eyes of Dorothy Holt. She stared at him, white, stricken, and bewildered; and she choked on a sob.

"He is dead for sure," he said, quietly, and turning suddenly, ran out of the door, through which the Carmichaels had already departed.

When he reached the street the Carmichaels were already on horseback, and the innkeeper was crying out to them that they had ruined him, and that this affray would be terrible news in the country-side.

"'Tis all right, old cock," laughed Philip Carmichael out of the darkness, for he seemed to have resumed his equable gayety. "You know where we are to be found."

"Ah, 'tis a grave matter, Mr. Philip."

"Well, well, set it down in the bill, Tremayne," called Philip, as he launched his horse down the street.

Warburton had sprung into the roadway with a stretch of his long legs, and came now among the Carmichaels. They turned and struck away from the inn, and in a great gust of indignation and fury he grasped wildly at the reins of the horse nearest him.

"Come down! Come down!" he shouted. His hands, pulling in the night, came upon a woman's skirt, and as the horse plunged forward, simultaneously the knob of a heavy whip struck on his face. He let go the bridle and stood in the road gazing into the blackness, through which the Carmichaels were galloping for the sea, as though his physical sight might follow after them and reach them; while gouts of blood, unnoticed, trickled from his cheek-bone and distained his cravat. Then he turned on his heel and walked back to the "Three Feathers."

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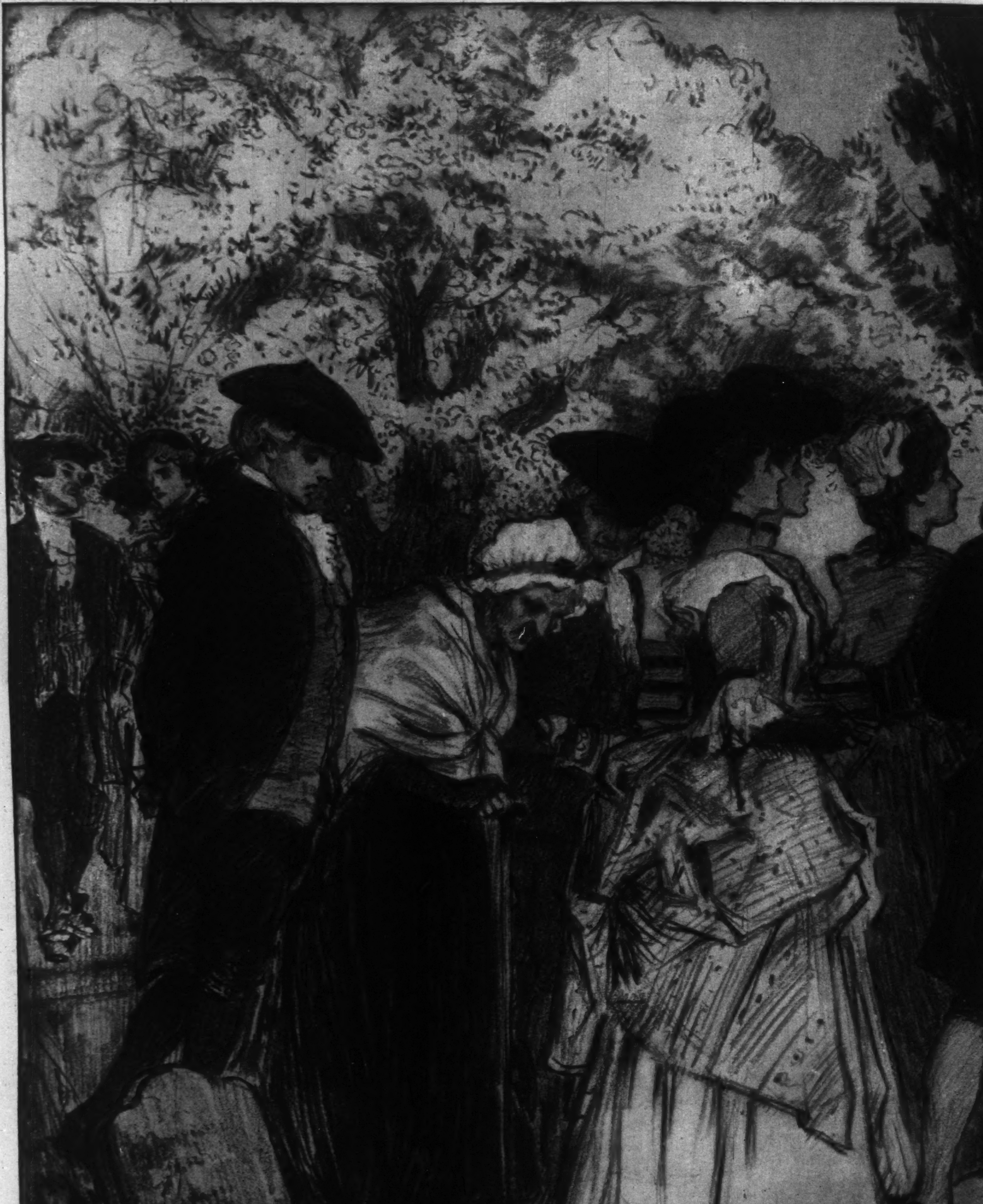

"CALLED BY THE EASTER BEL

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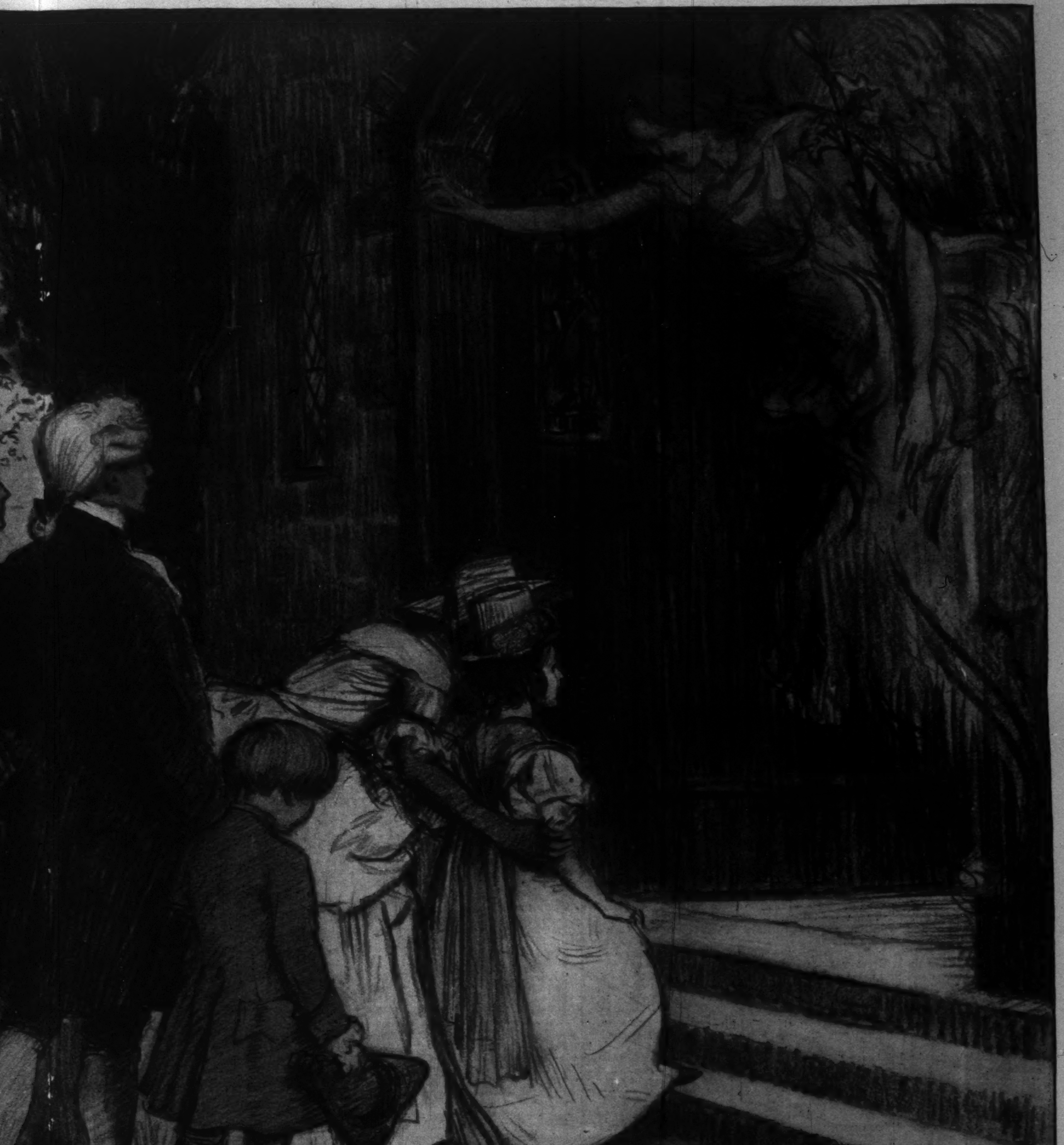
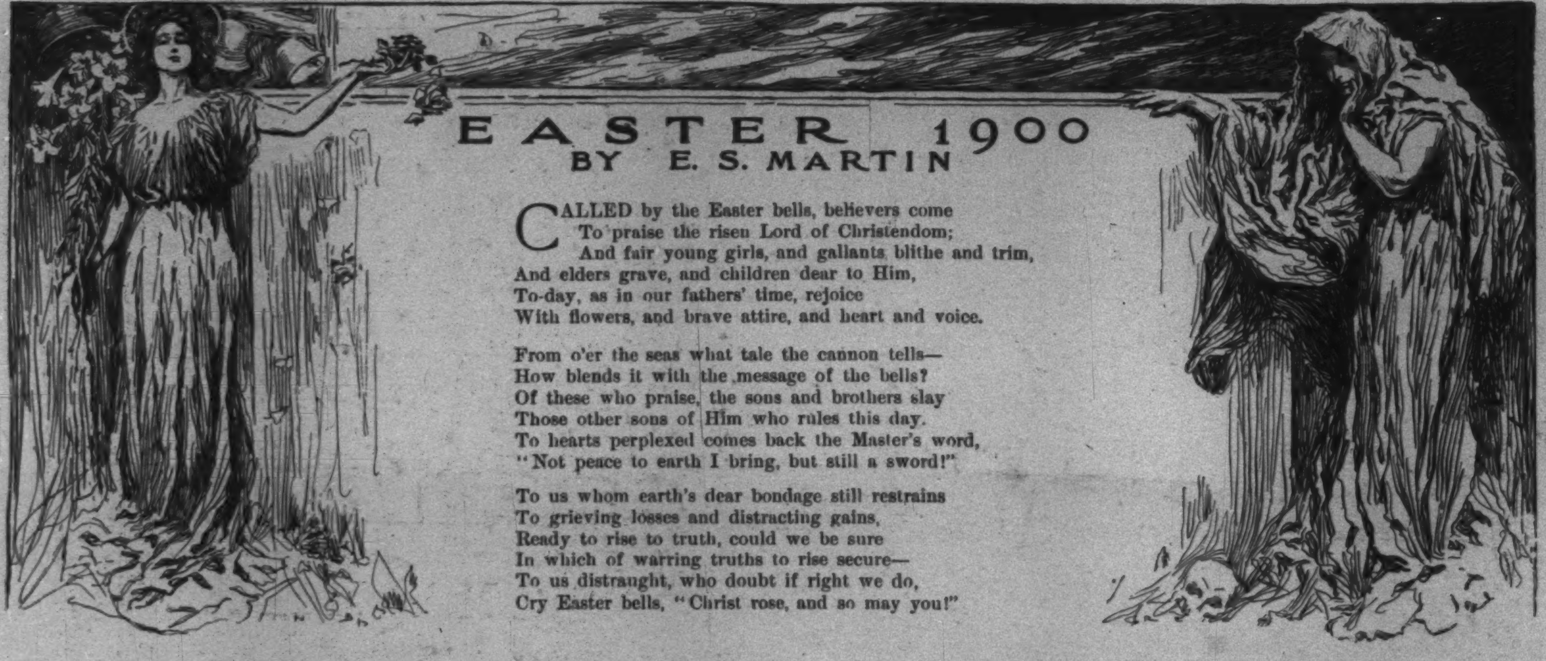

Albert Sterner 1900.

BELLS, BELIEVERS COME TO PRAISE"

BY ALBERT STERNER



EASTER 1900

BY E. S. MARTIN

CALLED by the Easter bells, believers come
To praise the risen Lord of Christendom;
And fair young girls, and gallants blithe and trim,
And elders grave, and children dear to Him,
To-day, as in our fathers' time, rejoice
With flowers, and brave attire, and heart and voice.

From o'er the seas what tale the cannon tells—
How blends it with the message of the bells?
Of these who praise, the sons and brothers slay
Those other sons of Him who rules this day.
To hearts perplexed comes back the Master's word,
"Not peace to earth I bring, but still a sword!"

To us whom earth's dear bondage still restrains
To grieving losses and distracting gains,
Ready to rise to truth, could we be sure
In which of warring truths to rise secure—
To us distraught, who doubt if right we do,
Cry Easter bells, "Christ rose, and so may you!"

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.* By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER X.

THE storm broke over the city as Evert Brookfield sprang into the cab, and the rain beat furiously on the roof of the station as he settled himself in his section of the sleeping-car. It raced all the way to Boston with him, and it swirled around the crooked streets of the New England capital, making the young architect's morning visits even more disagreeable than he had expected.

The committee with whom he had come to consult was composed of incongruous elements, and the morning session was wasted in needless discussion. Evert had hoped to get away at one o'clock, but he could not leave before he had done what he came to do. He was ready to defend his own ideas with full command of himself, but during the wrangling of two opinionated members of the committee the young architect closed his ears to their needless dispute, and called up before his eyes the lovely vision of his wife bending over his boy's crib; and he almost groaned aloud as he foresaw the destruction to be wrought by her wayward determination to go on the stage.

A friend took him to lunch at a club, and asked him if he was ill or if he had had bad news. Then he asserted himself and broke out with voluble high spirits; and the friend looked at him doubtfully, and found occasion to inquire delicately if he was not working too hard, just as everybody had to do in New York.

When the committee met again after luncheon, a better spirit prevailed. One of the quarrelsome members had not returned, and the other was assuaged by this. So the business was taken up in earnest, and Evert set forth his views and met all objections satisfactorily, and had the joy of feeling that he had done a good day's work.

When he caught the five-o'clock train, just as it was leaving Boston, the rain had spent its force, and the parting clouds permitted a few rays of sunshine to fall on the sodden landscape. His spirits had risen with the success of the task that had brought him, and he was glad again to get a glimpse of the sun.

When the train arrived in New York, Evert was the first man to spring off the platform and jump into a cab.

As he let himself into the house, he saw the butler about to go up stairs with something in his hand.

"You are up late, Wilson," he said, handing the man his hat and light overcoat.

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "but I've just been out for this medicine, and—"

"Mrs. Brookfield isn't ill, is she?" cried her husband, calling up instantly a fleeting vision of death, and remembering with a swift pang how they had parted in anger.

"Oh no, sir," the butler responded; "it's not Mrs. Brookfield—"

"Is it my father?" Evert asked, and he was ashamed of the sudden relief he felt at the knowledge that it was not the woman he loved who was ill.

"It's not the doctor, sir; it's the baby," explained the servant.

"The baby?" repeated Evert. "Nothing serious, is it?"

"No, sir," the man replied; "at least, I don't think so. The doctor went in to see him, sir, and Mrs. Brookfield wanted him to order something, and she sent me out for it, and—"

A white-robed figure flitted to the head of the stairs, and Carla's voice asked: "Is that you Wilson? Have you got the medicine?"

"Yes, ma'am," the butler answered.

"Why don't you bring it up, then?" was her next question.

"It's Mr. Brookfield that's just come, ma'am," Wilson began; "and I—"

"Oh, Evert!" she cried, and she floated down stairs and flung herself into his arms. "I'm so glad you are here at last. I thought you were never coming!"

"What is the matter with the baby?" Evert asked, as he and his wife went up stairs together.

"I don't know," she answered. "That's what worries me so. He's feverish, and I'm afraid he's sickening for something."

"What does the doctor say?" he inquired.

"He says it isn't anything at all," she explained. "But then you know what your father is. He doesn't think anything is anything unless it's an amputation or something of that sort. And besides, I don't believe the doctor really understands about babies."

"Father isn't such a bad all-round doctor, you know," he said.

They had come to the top of the stairs, and Carla turned suddenly.

"Have you had anything to eat, Evert?"

"I had a bite about four o'clock," he replied.

"And it's now nearly one!" she responded. "You must be nearly famished, you poor dear!"

Evert admitted that the thought of refreshment was not altogether unpleasant, and she ordered Wilson to bring up something on a tray.

When the butler had gone about half-way down the stairs, Carla slipped her arm out of Evert's, saying, "Oh, I forgot!"

She slipped down and overtook Wilson, and gave him a whispered order.

"Yes, ma'am; I understand," Evert heard him answer.

Then, Carla rejoined her husband, saying: "Come in here—there's a lovely fire for you. I kept it bright on purpose. Are you sure you haven't caught a chill in those horrid cars?"

He followed her into the room, bright and warm and cheerful, with the furniture and the hangings she had chosen when his father had made her take possession of that whole floor.

"It is a nice room, isn't it?" she asked, as though she had been reading his thoughts with that delicate perception which sometimes startled him by its accuracy, although he was also sometimes equally surprised by her inability to understand him even after he had given voice to his sentiments.

"Yes," he answered, "it is a very nice room indeed."

But she was paying no attention to him. She had torn the paper cover from the bottle of medicine and was holding it to the light.

"I wonder what this is?" she said. "It looks as if it was ever so strong. I don't believe baby will like it."

"He isn't really ill, is he?" asked Evert.

"Not seriously," she answered, "but I do get so frightened about him when he's feverish. It's foolish, I know, and I can see that the doctor wants to laugh at me sometimes, but I just can't help it—there!"

She laughed at herself lightly, and her husband laughed with her. His spirits were rising. The room was comfortable, for one thing; and then her reception of him on his return had been unexpectedly affectionate. The dread of her breaking away from them all still hung over him, but the burden of it was lighter already, as the rash act seemed more and more unlikely.

He asked for all the details of the baby's ailment, and she was only too glad to supply them. She said she would take him in to have a look at the little darling the last thing before going to bed; just now baby was asleep again, and it would be a shame to wake him.

Then the butler tapped gently at the door and brought in a tray.

When Wilson had gone, Carla made her husband sit at the table in front of the fire. She poured out his wine for him, taking a first sip herself to make sure that it was cold enough. Then she curled herself up on the sofa by the side of the mantel-piece, where she could look at him as he enjoyed the supper she had ordered.

"You mustn't eat fast, you know," she said; "and it's good for us to have conversation at our meals, so the doctor says. So you must tell me what you have been doing."

He thrust aside all thought of their disagreement the night before, and gave himself up to the pleasure of the moment—the warmth of the room, the satisfaction of the repast, the joy of seeing her again lovely and loving.

He narrated the events of the morning, and she was properly indignant at those members of the Boston committee who had not aided and abetted her husband.

"I never did care for Boston people much," she declared. "The girls are ever so conceited; but some of the men are not bad-looking, I must say."

Evert went on to tell her how much more agreeable had been the afternoon session.

"I'm glad some of them had some sense, after all," she commented. "So you are going to get that job too."

"I'm not so sure of that," he explained. "We are going to be asked to join in a limited competition, but so are half a dozen other firms."

"Oh, they'll give it to you," she asserted, with easy confidence. "I don't believe the judges will be such fools as not to know a good thing when they see it."

It always thrilled Evert with delight to have his wife express this unfailing trust in his ability and in his good fortune. And yet there now came back rankling again the echo of more than one of her angry remarks of the night before.

He took a sudden resolution. "And what have you been doing to-day?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," she answered; "nothing at all."

"Haven't you been out?" he continued.

"I haven't had my nose outside the door," she replied. "It was an awful day here, raining hard and blowing fiercely."

"Then you had no visitors, I suppose?" he pursued.

"Not one," she responded, promptly. "And I couldn't really expect anybody to call in such weather, could I?"

"Then you must have had a lonely day," he went on, "for I know father was going out to that monthly dinner of his."

"Oh, I don't mind being alone," she returned, cheerfully. "I'm good company for myself, and then there's baby. He's enough to keep three or four mothers busy."

Evert looked at her as she said this, and smiled. "Perhaps I had better move out to Salt Lake," he suggested, "and be sealed to two or three plural wives, and then you could call on them to help take care of the baby."

"But I don't want anybody to help me," she retorted. "I can do it all alone, thank you. And if you ever look at another woman, let alone two or three, I'll—well, I don't know what I'll do to her!"

"Ought you not to do it to me?" he asked, laughing. "It would be my fault, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I know women better than you do," she declared. "And if you ever got into the hands of a designing woman, I don't believe it would be your fault; but I'd never forgive you for it, never, not the longest day I live."

That was one of the phrases she had used the night before, and Evert remembered how she looked as she had said it. Now it fell from her lips as though she had never employed the words before.

Her husband looked at her, under cover of emptying his glass of champagne; but he could not even guess whether the sentence recalled to her mind any unpleasant memory.

She saw him set the glass down, and she sprang up to fill it.

"You must let me wait on you!" she declared, gayly. "It's a wife's duty to wait on her husband, isn't it?"

He determined to bring up the painful subject as soon as he could, and, if possible, dismiss it once for all.

"That isn't Ibsen's idea, is it?" he asked. "The 'Doll's House,' you know."

"Oh, Ibsen!" she cried, contemptuously. "What does that old bore up there in Norway know about American girls? Not but what *Nora* is a good part, too; but it takes a graceful woman to do that tarantella properly. That's what I was saying to Archibald this very afternoon."

"To Archibald?" he repeated. "To Miss Margaret Archibald?"

"There isn't any other, is there?" she asked in return.

"Was she here this afternoon?" he continued.

"She was here for two hours at least, and we had a very pleasant chat. She asked after you, and of course I could see she was ever so disappointed you were not at home. I remember the way she used to eye you at our rehearsals. You are good-looking, Evert, and I don't wonder she looked at you when she had a chance. You are ever so much handsomer than that Scott they say she's going to marry. And I rather like her, after all. She's no fool, and she's a womanly woman, too, and I detest a woman who is always thinking about men!"

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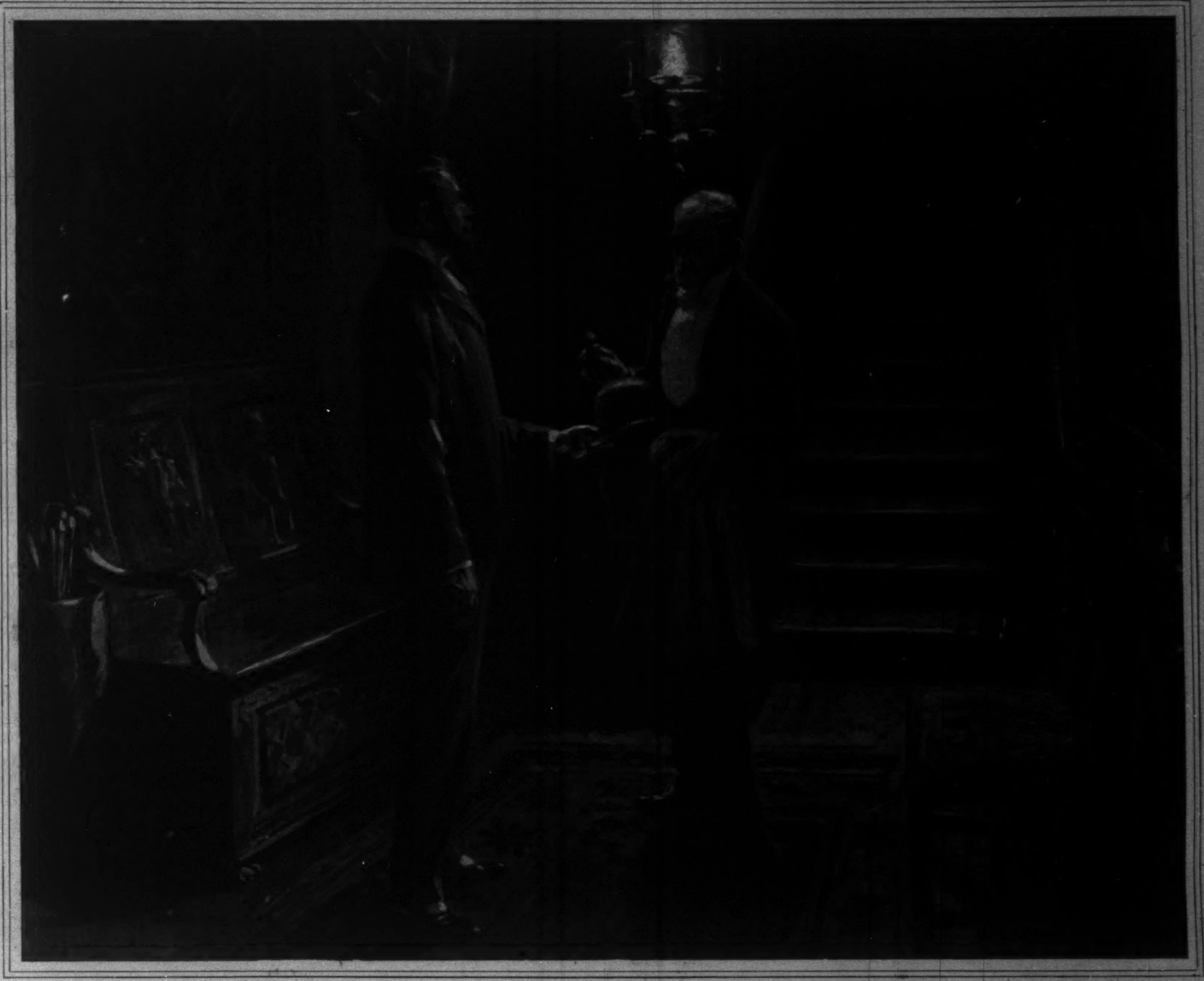
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2250.



"YOU ARE UP LATE, WILSON."

"But I thought you told me nobody had called this afternoon," said Evert, as soon as his wife gave him a chance.

"Did I?" she returned. "I meant nobody we knew, of course. I wasn't thinking of Archibald."

Now he was on the verge of the discussion, Evert hesitated. Perhaps if he pressed the subject now he might only confirm his wife in her intentions—if they were her intentions still.

"And what did Miss Archibald want?" he asked at last.

"She didn't want anything," Carla replied. "I had invited her to drop in for tea any afternoon, you know."

"And she had never been here before?" he inquired.

"Never," was his wife's answer. "And I don't know that she would have come to-day if she hadn't wanted to find out something. I half suspected that Kilburn put her up to it."

"Kilburn!" Evert repeated, and his heart sank again.

"Kilburn, the manager, you know," Carla explained. "I think he wanted her to spy out the land and see if there was any hope for him."

"Hope for him?" echoed Evert.

"Yes," she returned. "He actually wanted me to leave you and baby and go all over the United States, acting everywhere, night after night, just so that he could make a few thousand dollars. Some people do have the most absurd ideas!"

Her husband gazed at her in amazement. Accustomed as he was to her swift transformations, this one seemed to him more complete then any he had seen before.

He was so astonished that he was rendered tactless.

"But last night you said you wanted to be a great actress," he reminded her.

"Of course," she responded, "and I should like to be a great actress—who wouldn't? But I told you at once—didn't I?—that I wasn't going to give up my home to go on the stage. I've heard too much about the theatre to want to spend my life in it. Why, Archibald once had to act in a billiard-saloon! Think of me in a billiard-saloon!"

"I'm very glad you have given it up," he said, "but—"

"Given it up?" she repeated. "Why, I never for a moment entertained the proposition! That's what I told you last night, didn't I?"

Evert looked her full in the face, and he could see nothing to suggest that she was not now speaking in good faith. Apparently she had changed her mind finally and absolutely, to his immense relief. Apparently, also, the modification of her intentions was so complete that it had destroyed all recollection of their former existence. Apparently she was not now conscious that she had not always felt as she felt at the moment of speaking.

"But last night—" Evert began again, still unable to adjust himself so swiftly to the changed conditions.

"Oh, last night!" she interrupted, impatiently. "I didn't think differently last night, I'm sure. I know you were very unkind to me last night, and tried to push me into a corner and make me say things I didn't mean. And I intended not to be friends with you, too, just because you were so hateful last night. But I never had the slightest idea of accepting that Kilburn's offer; and that's what I told you at once, only you wouldn't believe me. Besides, last night I was nervous—those storms always affect me, and you know it—so I'm not sure what it was I did say. But I never could have said anything to make you believe for a single minute that I ever had even thought of going on the stage! Why, Evert, you ought to know me better than that! I don't think it's really nice of you to seem to doubt me like that—and after I had ordered such a good supper for you, too!"

Evert had now had time to recover. "Yes," he said, smiling at her, "it is a very good supper, indeed. And here is the health of her who ordered it;" and he raised his glass again to his lips.

"I thought that little drop of champagne would be good for you," she smiled back at him. "I wish I'd given you some last night, and then you wouldn't have been so cross."

He was about to protest, but he checked the words on his lips. "I must have been most disagreeable," he said.

"That's just what you were," she acknowledged, cordially—"most disagreeable! And I do hope it will never happen again!"

Evert thought it best to make no response to this. He devoted himself to the supper.

Carla had again curled herself upon the sofa, with one foot tucked under her. She gazed into the fire for a few seconds.

"If what Archibald says is true, and I suppose it must be," she began again, "there's a great deal more hard work in acting than I dreamed of. I don't mean merely one-night stands in the oil circuit, and things like that, although they must be horrid, too. I mean real downright work, even when they are playing in New York. It isn't all fun, by any manner of means. Why, Archibald practises her voice every day, just as if she was a singer. She has exercises for training the vocal chords. Now I'd never have the patience to do that. I'd like the satisfaction of being a great actress, but I shouldn't want to have to give up everything else in the world just for that. I don't think it would pay."

Evert agreed with her in thinking that the game would not be worth the candle.

"And there are lots of other things I don't like about the stage, too," she continued. "It is delightful to have everybody looking at you and to have them all agreed in admiration. Of course every woman can't help enjoying that! But you must meet all sorts of people in a theatre, and I know I shouldn't like that at all! I like to pick and choose my friends, and I do hate familiarity! I used to shudder almost when Gordon Scott put his hands on me in 'Frou Frou,' I detested it so."

"Miss Archibald cannot feel as you do," Evert suggested, "or she would not be willing to marry him."

"I don't see what she can see in him," Carla returned. "He is good-looking, in a way, but he's effeminate, too; and I do like manly men. Why, Evert, you could take him over your knee and just snap him in two!"

"I felt like doing it, too," her husband confessed, "more than once, when I saw the way he looked at you sometimes when you were getting up 'Frou Frou.'"

"I guess Archibald will keep him in order," Carla responded, "if anybody can. But I don't see what he sees in her, either—although she's twice too good for him, if all I hear is true. I think I'd rather play with the amateurs hereafter. Now Gurney Twiss is a little gentleman, even if he can't act."

Evert had now finished his extemporized repast. He threw down his napkin and rose to his feet.

Carla sprang up from the sofa. "Wasn't that a good supper?" she asked. "Didn't I order it nicely for you?"

"Thank you, my dear," he answered, bending down and kissing her.

"Now I mustn't keep you up any longer," she said, "but I want you to come in and see baby."

Evert followed her on tiptoe into the nursery. For a minute they stood beside the crib in silence. The baby was a little flushed, but he was sound asleep and breathing regularly.

"Isn't he lovely?" asked the mother. "And he is so like you!"

As they were walking back from the nursery to the front room, Carla looked up at her husband with a little frown on her face.

"I don't understand it at all," she said. "I don't see how you got the idea that I could ever think of leaving you and baby, and going on the stage to act in one-night towns on billiard tables with creatures like Scott!"

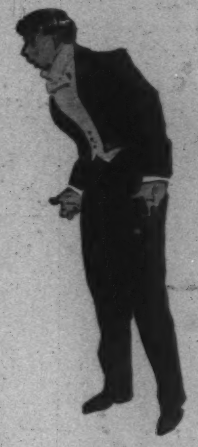
Evert did not smile as he answered, "I trust I shall never again have so unpleasant a hallucination!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

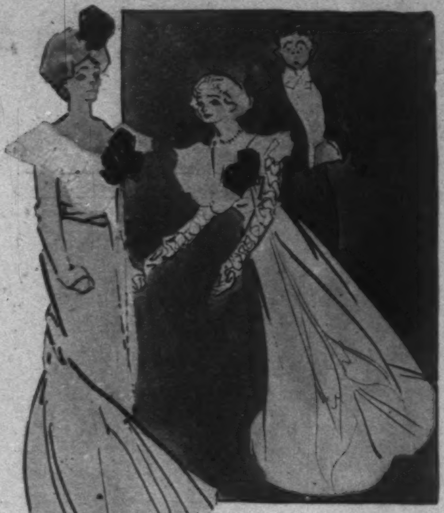
THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

IT was the topographical situation of the Paris theatre which first presented "My Daughter-in-Law" that probably determined the place in which New-Yorkers should see it. The farce of MM. Carre and Bildaud, in the original, was acted at the Odeon. So it is now at the Lyceum Theatre associated in the public mind with diversion that must always be decorous, whatever else it may be. If the Palais Royal had been the scene of this latest farce's success, Mr. Frohman would, in all probability, have revealed it only to those New-Yorkers who sought out the Madison Square Theatre, where the fun of the Paris boulevards is most likely to be offered, with the apology that seems implied in the retired position of the little house. "My Daughter-in-Law" differs in so many particulars from the customary farce of Paris that it deserved to be treated in a special fashion. The mother-in-law has been for years provocative of humor on the English stage. It was only to the French dramatists that she seemed a novelty. Such a thoroughly domestic individual as the mother of either a husband or a wife appealed no more to the imagination of the French dramatist than the family poodle. MM. Bildaud and Carre discovered her. She proved such a contrast to the figures usually dominating plays of this class that the Paris public found her as novel and entertaining as if it were making her acquaintance for the first time. It would require a courageous author to write a comedy of American life about a mother-in-law, and a still more courageous manager to produce it. But to writers dealing with the subject as one utterly new, a certain naive freshness was possible. So the English players at the Lyceum, acting the comedy briskly and politely, contrive to make it as amusing as if the mother-in-law were not such a tradition of American stage humor. The transfer of the scene to London makes their presence and their accents seem a suitable detail, although the action of the play might pass in any part of the world, so little relation do any of these plays bear to actual life. In a group of figures including a London alderman, a stupid private secretary, a deaf musician with a near-sighted friend, there is some attempt to give characterization to the less important personages in the play. But it is in the sprightliness and vivacity of the action that the comedy has pleased most. Miss Fanny Brough as the preponderating figure in the intrigue has been a London favorite so long that it is difficult to understand why she should never have been seen here before. Her New York popularity is already established. Her individuality is marked, and so is her humor. Her rather hard manner is counteracted by a delightfully humorous and kindly expression which is less suited to her present role than is her energetic and determined demeanor. Ellaline Terriss has never shown that she has inherited her father's talent, or acquired that gift from any other quarter. But she has a certain girlish beauty, and with Seymour Hicks will be remembered as one of the agreeable elements in a comedy that is wholly charming in its unpretentious way.

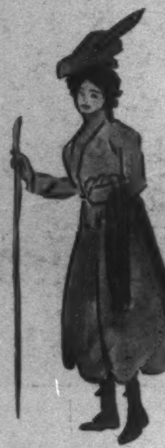


SEYMOUR HICKS.



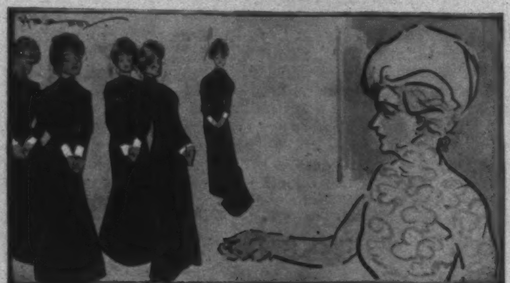
FANNY BROUGH, ELLALINE TERRISS, AND SEYMOUR HICKS IN "MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW."

VARIOUS elements combined to make a play out of Egerton and Agnes Castle's "The Pride of Jennico," and its success at the Criterion affords further evidence, if that were wanting, of the strong appeal which romantic drama always makes to the public taste. The play made from the novel by Mrs. Richardson and Miss Furniss may not deserve to be called romantic. Possibly the quality of its incidents is extravagant enough to class it among plays that are merely melodramatic. But its essence is the spirit of love and adventure, which has done more than any other theme in the theatre to carry the thoughts and hearts of men and women away from every-day life, whatever be the means by which this is accomplished. And it is the means which decides the literary class into which a play must fall. The young Englishman bound to wed a princess, and really married to one, although he thought his wife only her own waiting-maid; the efforts of his enemies to separate the two, and the narrow margin by which the lovers save their lives and their happiness—all these episodes are legitimately romantic, and if the play in which they appear deserves to be called melodrama, it is because the adapters have made the achievement of the hero in all these situations too extravagant to be credible or human. Even in the excitement of watching them there is always the sense that probability has been too completely defied. Since Anthony Hope's breathless *Prisoner of Zenda* made all romantic actors envy Mr. Sothern's luck in getting the opportunity to represent such a hero, there has been a constant search for another novel which might be made as serviceable for the stage. None promised this so strongly as did the *Pride of Jennico*, and Mr. Hackett seemed the actor best suited to embody its hero. The combination of the two resulted in the success which is now to be seen at the Criterion. One unforeseen incident of this result was the presence of Bertna Galland in the company. Miss Galland was quite unknown to New York audiences until she came here to represent the princess who chose to disguise herself as her maid. She looks very much more like a maid than a princess, for Miss Galland is not in the least heroic or aristocratic in her style of beauty. But she revealed to the first-night audience at the Criterion a natural talent richer and deeper than any young woman has in years suddenly flashed before a New York audience. She is crude and the symbols of her art are not always those which the best taste and the highest artistic ideals would suggest. But she is as yet inexperienced, and the qualities which Miss Galland lacks at present come when practice has shown the value of simplicity and naturalness. Contrary to the usual impression, young actors, and not those more experienced, acquire the faults of their art more readily. It is the talented beginner that is likely to become theatrical, exaggerated, and artificial at the outset. They are the poorest means of dramatic expression, but the most easily acquired. It is the discrimination of selection, in really talented actors, that enables them to drop, after a while, these conventional means. Possibly young Mr. Hackett will outgrow his stilted and unnatural speech and the discouraging melodramatic conventionality of his gesture and action. Possibly his hard and inflexible manner is the result of temperament, and is never to be warmed by the glow of a genial nature. But his gestures are acquired, and so is much of his method, and his future career seems to depend much on the extent to which he can free himself from his present artificiality.

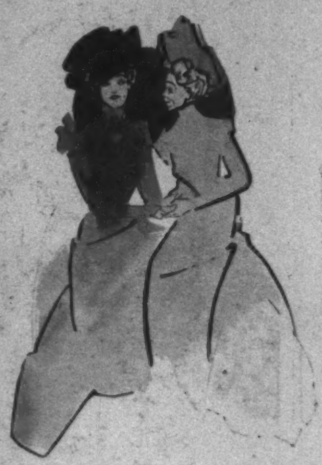


MAY BUCKLEY.

A TYPE of melodrama wholly different from that which engages the services of Mr. Hackett and his associates is settled at the Garden Theatre in "Hearts Are Trumps." It was a London critic who admitted that he might be able to write a play, although he felt quite certain that he could never write a London melodrama, because with all his experience he had never been able to tell what idea the dramatist had to start his work with. It would be a little difficult to tell just what was the inspiring idea in "Hearts Are Trumps," if it were not for the brief interludes between the most sensational scenes in the play. They establish clearly the fact that these thrilling episodes are alone responsible for the existence of the melodrama, and they justify it sufficiently. The private view at Burlington House; the stage of the theatre from which the real audience view, with the players, a gathering of mimic spectators; and the catastrophe of the avalanche at the close of the play—these three scenes are treated with a command of theatrical appliance which seems to demolish space and distance in its illusory power, and they are the ideas from which "Hearts Are Trumps" grew. Cecil Raleigh was lucky in starting with three ideas instead of one, and his melodrama is the better for that reason. It is better adapted to its New York environment than are most plays of its kind, because its personages are polite, its scenes are laid in what might be called high life, and the manners of its characters are good, whatever their morals may be. London melodrama, when first imported to this country, was chiefly concerned with the doings of the lower classes, and the honesty to be found among the poor was always its triumphant climax. Now it is rather the wickedness of the rich that has come to be liked in these plays. Society seriously or sarcastically presented is now an important factor in all of them. But these elements are not nearly so important as that main idea which the London critic professed he could never discover. The idea must include some startling mechanical episode extremely difficult and yet possible to reproduce. In "The White Heather" this idea was a fight between two divers under water. In "The Great Ruby" it was a fight in a balloon. At the Garden Theatre the idea has gone beyond the power of man, and nature is called in to provide an avalanche at the dramatist's will. Melodrama has never gone so far as this before. It is difficult to see how it could go much farther.

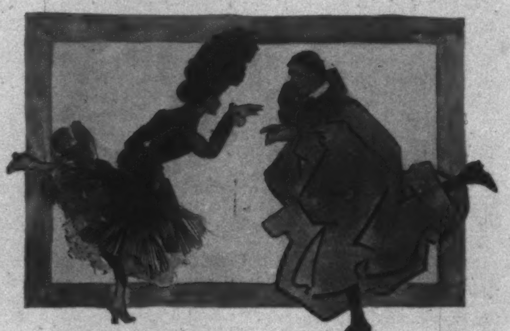


AMELIA BINGHAM AND HER FRENCH MILLINERS IN "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."



MISS ROBINSON AND MISS BROUGH IN "MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW."

No less distinguished an actor than Sir Henry Irving could have dispossessed from its profitable tenancy of the Knickerbocker Theatre Henry Esmond's comedy, "When We Were Twenty-one." Mr. Esmond's play has been easily the most interesting incident of the later dramatic season in New York, and at the same time the most encouraging. It received critical praise almost unanimous, and the public response to its charm was of that generous kind which might have kept the play on view until the season had sent the thoughts of the people away from the theatre as a means of diversion. In a season which threatened to have "Sherlock Holmes" proclaimed its masterpiece, "When We Were Twenty-one" was indeed a delight. That its studies of life were fresh and human, its characters not the marionettes worked by the strings that serve as motives in nine out of ten plays acted now, but recognizable as possible realities, and the language really literary in quality, are merits of the comedy declared loudly when it was seen first. They made its fortunes with the public the cause of so much satisfaction to those who believe that the theatre, while its chief purpose to-day may be to entertain and divert, need not necessarily stand forever remote from the beauty that comes from the use of life and literature in its service.



JESSIE BUSLEY AND EDWIN ARDEN IN "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

OBSERVING that Professor Charles Eliot Norton is one of the literary executors of John Ruskin, a writer in the New York *Evening Post* finds in Dr. Norton's literary intimacies with Carlyle, Lowell, Curtis, and Ruskin, a text for lamentation that the day of cherished friendships between men of letters seems to have passed, and that writers and scholars appear no longer to have time to make friends. Biographies, he says, of men of note in literary and in public life, in generations past, picture them as devoting time and attention to intimate friends with whom they dined often and talked much, and to whom they wrote real letters worth preserving and reproducing. The companions of their active days, bound by ties constantly strengthened, remained the companions of their old age. Nowadays, he finds, friendship plays a dwindling part in the lives of scholars and men of letters. Acquaintances abound and friends are few. Personal intimacies seem less worth cultivating than they once did. Distractions multiply, intimacies grow scarcer, and loneliness in old age promises to be a penalty of contemporary success.

It is a real evil that this writer bewails, and his forecast of the results of it is very dismal. Moreover, there seems to be a good deal of basis to his regretful deductions. We are constantly told that law is no longer a profession, but has come to be a business, and that, in medicine, the family physician who was friend and adviser as well as doctor has made way for the specialist, whom every one resorts to in emergencies, and to whom no one ties. These changes, induced partly by spirited pursuit of the main chance, have modified the relations between lawyer and client, and doctor and patient, and doubtless the same animated chase has marred the tranquillity of the literary and scholarly life and quickened its pace.

❧

OUR hope must be that the writer in the *Post* is generalizing overmuch from the result of observations made in New York. Here rents are high and living expensive, and writers and scholars, like every one else except the very rich, are apt to urge themselves to the point of breathlessness in the pursuit of income. To cultivate friendship in New York or enjoy its gratifications in hours in which one might be earning money seems too often like culpable extravagance. But we are used to hope that it is not so everywhere, and that a due distance from the madding crowd there are still regions where sober wishes insist upon their reasonable realizations. Can it be that there is not still such a thing as leisurely friendship in such towns as Cambridge, New Haven, and Princeton! Undoubtedly a trouble of the age is that friendship is a sort of moss which rolling stones can hardly gather, and that ties of locality are more easily broken in our day than a generation ago. The swirl towards the great maelstroms is fiercer, and ever draws increasing proportions of the voyagers out of the calm currents. Dr. Norton, whose friendships have been so notable, has lived all his life in Cambridge; Lowell's home, where his permanent friendships were formed, was always Elmwood; the New York that Curtis lived in was not the New York of to-day. To cultivate friendships one has need of a settled abode, where conditions do not violently change on the 1st of May, and where distances do not suddenly expand and become impassable. Of how much use to the New-Yorker who has moved to 110th Street are the friendships he cherished in Washington Square? They are memories, that is all, and it is a question whether even subterranean rapid transit can make them anything more.

❧

THE violent development of compunctions in the Middle West, and especially in the State of Indiana, over the Puerto-Rican tariff propositions is a delightful symptom which makes glad the hearts of the righteous in all parts of the country. Something like prickly heat has broken out on the conscience of Indiana. Her moral sense is stirred to boisterousness. She will have no nonsense. At this writing it is still a question whether Congress will pander to her scruples, and those of other States, or not, but whatever happens to Puerto Rico, Indiana has asserted herself nobly, as befits a mother of Presidents and a State with a mind and morals of her own. She is well placed for the development of a conscience. She is neither Republican nor Democratic; she belongs neither to the North nor to the South, to the East nor to the West. Those of us who have consciences are prone to think of the seat of the inward monitor as somewhere in the best fortified part of us under the ribs. Indiana is well covered by the national ribs. Projectiles could not reach her from the Atlantic or the Pacific, the Gulf or the Lakes. If any State is safe, she is. She is not poor enough to make her subservient, nor rich enough to make her timid. No American State is in a better position than she to have sound views and a proper sense of national responsibilities. It is thoroughly cheering to see how disposed she is to show herself the right State in the right place.

❧

THE vigor with which some of the representative brethren of the Methodist Church criticise the President for not taking a more pronounced attitude on the liquor question continues to excite attention. At a recent Methodist ministers' conference, in Boston, Dr. Samuel Dickie denounced the President for not fighting the saloon, regretted that he did not declare himself a total abstainer, and averred that he had lowered the standard of Methodism more than any man who ever trod American soil. Dickie is going about the country denouncing the President as a tippler, and much abuse of the same sort is constantly being discharged by the Rev. Wilbur Crafts, another reckless Prohibitionist. The countenance that various Methodist organizations give to the deliverances of such men seems astonishing. The President in private life is a Methodist, but he was not chosen President on a Methodist platform, and even if he had the strong personal leaning towards total abstinence which apparently finds so much favor in Methodist organizations, it would be improper for him to regulate his official actions in accordance with it. The attacks which these fanatical persons keep making on him are highly indecent, and the encouragement that is given to them by Methodist bodies of presumable responsibility is surprising. If the President had been elected on a Prohibition ticket and platform, and as a self-proclaimed abstainer, a more radical stand against liquor could hardly be expected of him than these ranting detractors would exact. If Prohibitionist and Methodist are interchangeable terms, it is time the public knew it. The current supposition is that the Methodist Church is not a political nor a reformatory body, but an organization for the spread and culture of the Christian religion.

❧

THE New York *Times* thinks that the most satisfactory comment on Mr. Sheldon's edition of the Topeka *Capital* was made by the Rochester editor who said it was for all the world like the sheets that are issued from newspaper offices when the printers are on a strike. How apt the comparison is will be apparent to any one who is familiar with strike editions of newspapers, wherein all available standing-matter is huddled in to fill space commonly occupied by news and fresh discourse on the topics of the hour.

❧

MENTION was made in the WEEKLY of March 24 of misgivings which are more or less prevalent as to the statue of Lafayette which is to stand in Paris as the gift of the American people. A model for it is being made by Mr. Paul Bartlett. The criticisms which the WEEKLY recorded cast doubt on Mr. Bartlett's fitness for so notable a work, and also questioned whether $100,000, the sum at the committee's command, could be advantageously spent on such a statue as Mr. Bartlett has projected. To some very well-informed friends of art in New York the uneasiness implied by these strictures seems unwarranted. They say that the art committee, which had a limited voice in settling the artistic problems connected with the gift planned, maintain that in their opinion Mr. Bartlett was the best American sculptor who was willing to undertake the work under the conditions which governed it, and that it is rash and misleading for any one to say beforehand that his work will not be creditable. As for the cost of the statue, that is still a remote consideration, for nothing more than a model can be set up this year. It is maintained, though, that the quality and component ingredients of bronze affect its cost so much that some bronzes are from fifteen to twenty times as expensive as others, while methods of casting also differ in expense, so that if Mr. Bartlett's model is worth immortalizing, there won't necessarily be too much money to spend on it. These reassurances are probably as comprehensive as we can expect to receive at this stage of the work.

❧

THE production of plays in foreign languages, dead or living, in the Sanders Theatre in Cambridge, has become almost an annual event of Harvard's university life. There have been Greek plays, Latin plays, and French plays. This year, on March 22, the anniversary of the death of Goethe, his "Iphigenie auf Tauris" was given in German. Heretofore, when plays have been given, the actors, or some of them, have been members of the university, but the "Iphigenie" was given under the auspices of the Department of German Language and Literature, by members of Mr. Heinrich Conreid's company, from the Irving Place Theatre in New York. Mr. Conreid and his players contributed their services in aid of the fund for the German Museum at Harvard, to which the profits of the performance were devoted. The Boston papers describe the performance as exceedingly successful, and as being received by a large audience with extraordinary enthusiasm.

This Harvard tribute to Goethe is, in a way, a recognition of benefits received. A Greek translation of "Iphigenie" was among the books which, in 1819, Goethe gave to Harvard College "as a mark of deep interest in its high literary character, and in the successful zeal it has displayed through so long a course of years for the promotion of solid and elegant education."

❧

SYMPATHY is felt, and finds a good deal of expression, for gentlemen who wear the somewhat prevalent form of top-coat the sleeves of which are not put on at the shoulder but run wedgelike to a point at the neck. The effect of these garments is that they relieve the wearer in great measure from the suspicion of having shoulders, and as they are made very voluminous below, they credit him with majestic proportions in the region of the hips and abdomen. The explanation of these remarkable coats has not as yet come to the present writer's notice. It is conceivable that once in the country, and the duties on them paid, they are neither returnable, negotiable, nor transferable; and owners wear them in despair, preferably at night, but accidentally sometimes by day. The general principles of men's clothes are so simple and constant, and the tyranny of style bears so lightly on men, that ugly fashions in male garments have slight vogue and a short day, so we may expect the prevalence of these queer wraps to be fleeting.

❧

THE Art Students' League of New York, which celebrates in May the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation, has come to be one of the largest art schools in the world, with expenditures of $50,000 a year. It is democratic in its government and self-supporting. One feature of its coming celebration will be an exhibition, at its domicile in West Fifty-seventh Street, of works of its former members, the list of whom includes H. R. Butler, Edward Penfield, Howard Pyle, W. M. Chase, F. S. Church, Walter Shirlaw, Peter Newell, W. H. Hyde, Oliver Herford, and many others equally well known.

❧

THE dealers in automobiles seem to have overlooked a useful point in not advertising more copiously the special adaptability of their machines for Sunday use. The great objection of the more scrupulous Sabbath-keepers to permitting folks to take their carriages out on Sunday has been that it made too much work for servants and horses. This is a fairly sound objection, for the desire to make Sunday, as far as reasonably possible, a day of rest for all hands has a great deal to recommend it. But an automobile, especially the sort that the owner himself guides, need make hardly any Sunday work in the stable. At a pinch it can even stand unwashed until Monday morning. Neither coachman nor groom is needed to take it out, or even wait at home until it comes back. It is the ideal Sunday vehicle, beating even the bicycle, since its use is neither so laborious as to impair due Sunday rest nor incompatible with Sunday clothes.

❧

THE only permanent cure for starvation in India seems to be less folks. The population, we are told, has increased under English rule until it is too great for the country. In old times, wars between native princes, incursions of northern tribes, famine, epidemics rising from neglect of sanitation, and various other concomitants of imperfect civilization seem to have been fairly effective in keeping the population down. Nowadays, life being more secure in India, taxation lower and less exacting, and agriculture and transportation improved, the population keeps lapping over the natural limit, and distressing stories of starving millions go out periodically and dismay the Christian world. If the only permanent Indian-famine cure at present applicable is death, sending temporary supplies only insures an early recurrence of the disease. That makes the situation perplexing to humane observers. Another remedy besides starvation that might give India temporary relief would be war. That would be cure by surgery; but the effects of a single war would not last long. The permanent cure must come from diminution of the number of births, resulting from later marriages and other agencies which advanced civilization brings in its train. One of the problems which may be expected to bother all the Western innovators who impose their form of good government on Oriental peoples is what to do with the surplus population which peace and order will invite.

❧

THE most obvious rule of health which Mr. John Fiske has omitted from the short list he lately gave of those which guide him is to keep the feet wet. He says nothing ever ails him except a cold every three or four years. He sleeps, eats, and digests perfectly. His habits of life as he states them are, always to sit in a draught when he can find one, to wear thin clothes winter and summer, to work in a cold room (55 degrees to 60 degrees), to work most of the time day or night, to eat when hungry, drink three quarts of beer a day, and smoke a pipe all the time when at work. He does not drink coffee nor wine, nor smoke cigars, and for his mental refreshment he spends half an hour now and then at the piano. Apparently he does not play golf nor smoke cigarettes; indeed, he says nothing about exercise, and it is probable that he leads the strenuous life only in its intellectual phases. His tale recalls the dry comment lately attributed to Mr. Evarts, who was asked how he accounted for his longevity, and explained that he had never taken any exercise. Mr. Fiske is sixty years old at present, and full of vigor, industry and good works.

❧

IS it desirable to coin half-cents? There has been some demand for them from Western cities, and a bill is proposed to authorize their coinage. One serious objection to them is, that they might inspire half-cent newspapers. Probably they would. We don't want half-cent newspapers, nor even half-cent automatic chewing-gum-selling machines. The one-cent boons and nuisances of all kinds seem to supply the demand for cheap wares. At half a cent apiece there would be twice as many of them and we would be no better off. Contribution-boxes would no doubt suffer. No half-cents, thank you, gentlemen!

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE present year that will see the close of one great struggle in South Africa may also see the beginning of another and greater struggle in the Far East. After all, the war with the Transvaal is a local affair, affecting the world at large only indirectly. But for the strong dramatic element supplied by the history and character of the Boers and their surprising successes in the opening phase of the campaign, other nations would hardly have troubled their heads about it any more than over a French expedition in Madagascar or a revolt of the Bosnians against the Dual Monarchy. Even as it is, the abuse they have turned upon England with such lavish hand has been merely so much ink and rhetoric. When invited to stop talking and do something for the cause that appealed to them with such apparent keenness, each government has sent in its regrets. The Continental powers have, in fact, taken precisely the course that the WEEKLY prophesied they would take from the opening of the war; and even to the most diligent manufacturer of coalitions and foreign-intervention rumors it must by this time have come home with something of the force of an international axiom that so long as the British navy remains unengaged England's real strength is practically untouched, and hostile powers, however much they may bluster, will take care to keep out of its way. By far the greatest result of the present war is the proven solidarity of the British Empire, and that is the sort of result which needs time to lead on to its final issue in the shape of a scheme for imperial defence, with each colony contributing its share to the common forces of the empire. Long before that has come to maturity things will have settled down to their normal ante-bellum state—Europe possibly a little more vindictive, and England, let us hope, less unscientific and shiftless in her military preparations and rather more on the diplomatic *qui vive*.

* * *

BUT the impending conflict in the Far East is not one that can be thus isolated, whenever it may come to a head. Even if it is restricted to the two powers between whom an armed struggle at some time or other appears inevitable, its effects cannot help being of far greater moment to the world than the issue of the Transvaal war. Ever since the close of the Chino-Japanese war a clash between Russia and Japan has been freely foretold as one of the certainties of the future; and many shrewd judges of Far Eastern politics have fixed upon this coming spring as the time beyond which it cannot be delayed, on the ground that—assuming, as one may do without great rashness, a conflict to be preordained—it is all to Japan's interest to bring it on sooner rather than later, before the Trans-Siberian railroad is completed, before Russia has begun to profit by her new naval programme, while her finances are at a low ebb and her partner in the Dual Alliance is absorbed with "fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace." In this light there is significance in the recent cablegrams announcing the arrival of a Russian squadron at Chemulpo, the nearest port to the capital of Korea. Its advent is supposed to presage a demand for a Korean harbor. Whether that be so or not, Japan is greatly uneasy and excited over the matter.

* * *

ONE grows rather tired of hearing Japan spoken of as the rising England of the Far East, and yet no other description gives quite such a good idea of her commercial position, her international prospects, and the lines along which her ambitions run. Like England, she is an island kingdom, dependent upon other countries for her food-supply; like England, it is her destiny to become a great manufacturing and industrial nation; like England, she needs a strong fleet to protect her commerce, open markets everywhere and—more so in the future than at present—opportunities for expansion. Her geographical situation added to these circumstances makes her foreign policy one of comparative simplicity. China and Korea are the natural, the obvious markets for her goods. They can not only buy what she has to sell, but are able to produce precisely what she needs in the way of food and raw material. She is therefore committed by the necessities of her position to the maintenance of an open door in the Celestial kingdom and to the independence of Korea. The latter is vital to her very existence. A hostile power in possession of the Korean peninsula would have an invaluable jumping-off ground from which to spring at Japan's throat. It was to assert her attitude on the question of the Hermit Kingdom that she brought on the war with China, and whenever that question comes up again Japan must and will fight for her position to the last.

* * *

IT was Russia that robbed Japan of the spoils of her victory over China and turned her out of Port Arthur on the ground that her presence there "disturbed the balance of power." The Japanese were ready to go any lengths in their fury. It is a fact that officers killed themselves for shame when the news became known. The government held the people in check by rigorously repressing public agitation and promising them their revenge later on. For that revenge the Japanese have been preparing themselves with Boer-like quietude and enthusiasm. Against the Chinese they have no sort of ill feeling. They understand them better than any Occidental people, and they look forward to taking a leading part in their regeneration. A China under the tutelage of Japan, with her army and navy officered by Japanese or trained in Japanese schools, her internal economy reorganized under Japanese guidance, and her foreign policy directed in unison with Japan and against Russia—is what they aim at. But whether in conjunction with China or alone, they are resolved that the Russian advance must be stopped before it overruns both Korea and Peking. They have paper guarantees in plenty, and of the most solemn kind, that Russia will never interfere with Korean independence; but unlike English and American statesmen, they learn by experience and know just how much value may be attached to Russian promises—written or verbal—when it is no longer convenient to keep them. To Russia the absorption of Korea is simply the next and most obvious step in her imperial march. To Japan it is the forerunner of her own extinction.

* * *

THE strength of the two nations, both by land and sea, is at present largely favorable to the Japanese. At sea Russia has three battle-ships and Japan four—one of them an old one, but the others of the latest and most powerful style; six armored cruisers—two of great size and modern build—and one unarmored cruiser, while Japan has two new armored cruisers and fourteen unarmored; two armored gunboats, two destroyers, and ten torpedo-boats, to six destroyers and thirty torpedo-boats on the Japanese side. By land the difference is even more marked. Russia has in the province of Amur and at Port Arthur about 65,000 men on a war footing and 160 guns. Against these Japan could send at very short order 190,000 men with over 400 guns, and yet leave 130,000 reserves behind to garrison the forts. What the Japanese navy can do was shown in a memorable fashion at the battle of the Yalu. Its army has never yet been tested against white troops. On the other hand, few Russian soldiers and scarcely any Russian sailors have yet seen a shot fired in earnest. Those who ought to know, speak with some disparagement of the *personnel* and training of the Russian navy, and prophesy, too, that the Russian bureaucracy would break down like the English departments in the Crimean war, under the enormous difficulties of transportation in the event of a conflict with Japan.

* * *

IT has been reported several times during the last two years, and the rumor is abroad again, that the United States government has bought the Danish West Indies. Whether the sale has yet been completed or not, there is little doubt that the two powers are feeling their way to it, and that ultimately St. Thomas at least will become American property. St. Thomas is the only one of the three islands likely to tempt a purchaser who is after something else besides sugar and rum. Its value is due do its geographical and strategical position. It stands on the Atlantic highway, with a large and safe deep-water harbor, led up to by a narrow and practically land-locked entrance. Steamers and battle-ships of the heaviest draught can lie alongside the dock and coal in security. St. Thomas also possesses a large dry dock, built by British enterprise, and a cable station. Somebody once described it as a place which is on the way to every other place in the West Indies. It was this convenience of its position that made it some forty or fifty years ago the rialto of the West-Indian islands. The little spot—it is only a trifle over twenty square miles in area—used to be the meeting-place of merchants from Canada, the United States, Mexico, Brazil, and South America. Vessels from England and the Continent there discharged their cargoes, securing return cargoes and passengers from the intercolonial boats; and St. Thomas became the great distributing centre for the southern coast and island trade. Its good times passed away when the merchants in the neighboring islands and the buyers of South America took to purchasing in the home market, and had their goods shipped direct. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company of Southampton gave a still further impetus to its unfortunate decline by transferring, in their entirety, its workshops to Jamaica, and St. Thomas has ceased for some time to pay its way.

* * *

IT was the immense inconvenience of not having a handy naval base in the West Indies during the civil war that led Mr. Lincoln to order a report on the Danish colonies from Admiral Porter. The admiral was quite moved by the possibilities of St. Thomas. He described it as "the central point from which any or all of the West-Indian islands can be assailed, while it is impervious to attack from landing parties and can be fortified to any extent;" and in the same report he spoke of it as "a small Gibraltar by itself," and "the key-stone to the arch of the West Indies." Visiting it in 1866, Mr. Seward was equally impressed with its advantages, and with his usual directness and far-sighted patriotism, set about sounding Denmark on the question of its purchase. Denmark agreed to part with St. Thomas and St. John for $7,500,000 if the islanders consented. A poll was taken and only twenty-two votes cast against the idea in St. Thomas and none at all in St. John. All the preliminaries were arranged, and the bill sent to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, where it was strangled through a piece of petty political spite that does not make pleasant reading. For the purblind partisanship of a few Senators in the sixties America might have had to pay a heavy price during the Spanish war. Even as it was, she was put to an excessive and unnecessary inconvenience, in spite of the friendly manner in which the Danish officials at St. Thomas construed the neutrality regulations.

THE Danish colonists have never had any grounds for complaining of their treatment by the mother-country. Denmark has owned the islands for nearly 170 years and given them at all times an equable, free, and kindly rule. It is not her fault that St. Thomas, St. John and Santa Cruz have become indebted to the imperial exchequer to the sum of 12,000,000 crowns, nor is it the fault of the colonists, but simply of the changed conditions of trade and the protective tariff that closes the United States to their produce. English is universally spoken in St. Thomas, even the officials knowing both tongues, and there is not likely to be much local opposition to the proposed transfer. In Denmark, on the other hand, it is said that public opinion, long in favor of the sale, has quite recently changed round and is now against it. For this politics are partly accountable. There has been a fierce struggle in the Folkething over the government's taxation proposals, and the opposition has been obliged to catch at anything and everything to damage the ministry. Among other handles, the sale of the Danish colonies was seized upon and public sentiment artificially worked up to protest against it. There is, however, a genuine feeling that when the Nicaraguan canal is an accomplished fact, St. Thomas and all the West-Indian islands will go up in value and that it might be just as well to wait a few years before closing the bargain. And there seems also to be a general determination that, whenever the transfer takes place, there shall be no doubt of the status of St. Thomas, or of its right to enjoy all the commercial privileges of an American State. Puerto Rico is a place that has often been mentioned in the Danish press of late.

* * *

IT seems this time to be actually true that the Delagoa Bay award has been given. The decision, of course, has gone against Portugal with swinging damages; and although the amount in which she has been mulcted turns out to be rather less than the $6,000,000 which an American gentleman was so anxious to loan the Lisbon government a few weeks ago, it is certainly more than Portugal can afford to pay. That unhappy country has long been in a state of hopeless bankruptcy. Year after year her finances show a deficit which neither economy nor repudiation can diminish. Since her default in the matter of two-thirds of the interest on her external debt, she has found the European money-market closed against her. In 1898 she was unable even to float a supplemental issue of bonds of the Tobacco Loan—which is the only loan on which full interest is still paid—though she protested that the operation was for the benefit of her bondholders. Meanwhile, taxation keeps mounting up, trade is languishing, and discontent both serious and widespread. Something will have to be done, and that quickly, to avert a ruinous economic and political crisis. It is too late to try cheese-paring in administration and equally disastrous to impose further taxes. Portugal needs two things—a fresh supply of capital with which to re-establish her credit, and a permanent reduction of her annual expenditure. The only way in which she can obtain these requirements is to realize some of her assets—in other words, sell or lease her African colonies. The majority of them are a heavy drain on the national exchequer, and go a long way towards accounting for the annual deficits. Unfortunately, eighty per cent. of the population of Portugal are illiterates, and therefore jingoes, and, therefore, exceedingly "touchy" on the question of parting with their over-seas possessions; and the Republicans have worked upon this feeling for their own ends. Otherwise the colonies would have been put up for auction long ago. The decision of the Delagoa Bay Commissioners, however, must force Portugal into an action which all her clearest-headed statesmen have long looked upon as inevitable.

* * *

IN this connection it is useful to remember that *la dame voilee* of Downing Street, the mysterious Anglo-German agreement of 1898, the precise terms of which are still an official secret, has always been supposed to deal with the partition of the Portuguese colonies in Africa. England and Germany are the heirs to the Portuguese estate, an estate not so valuable as it once was, but still sufficiently tempting to make an understanding on the subject advisable. By the Anglo-Portuguese treaty of 1891 Great Britain already has the right of pre-emption to all the Portuguese possessions south of the Zambesi. The colonies dealt with in the arrangement with Germany are Mozambique and Lorenzo Marquez on the east coast, Angola, Ambriz, Benguela, Mossamedes and Congo on the west, and Guinea on the northwest — the whole covering an area of nearly a million square miles. For what price these territories are to pass from Portuguese into English and German hands and how they are to be divided between the purchasers has not been divulged. But, roughly speaking, it is probable that the east coast possessions, including Delagoa Bay, will go to England, and the bulk of the colonies on the other side of the continent to Germany. It is possible that when the matter comes before the Lisbon Parliament the people may put pressure enough upon the King and cabinet to compel them to withdraw from their understanding. Even so, the result will ultimately be the same. Portugal is destined to follow Spain and Italy, and part with the transmarine dependencies she has shown herself unable to govern with profit. Mr. Poultney Bigelow in his vivid book, *White Man's Africa*, has given a picture of Portuguese rule in Delagoa Bay, which will reconcile most people to the final disappearance of that nationality from the African continent.

General Joubert

PIETRUS JACOBUS JOUBERT was born in the Cape Colony, in 1832, the descendant of a French Huguenot family which had fled to South Africa a hundred years before. Matters did not prosper with his parents, and when he was seven years old the family moved into the more fertile Orange Free State. There Joubert gleaned his knowledge of shooting, of fighting savages, and more particularly of the topography of the country.

At the age of nineteen Joubert trekked into the Transvaal and joined the burghers under Potgieter, Maritz, and Peter Davids, where he soon became known as a fearless leader of men.

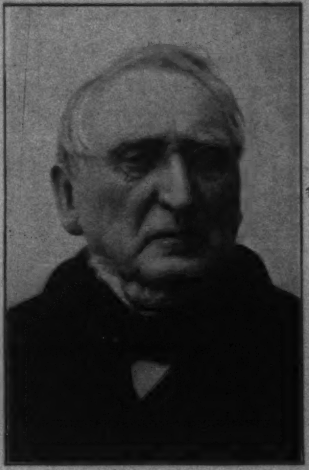
At this time the Zulus were ruled by Chief Dingaan, who had but recently assassinated his brother, Chaka. Dingaan hated any human being with a white skin and murdered settlers with most indiscriminate fairness. To Dingaan came a number of trek Boers, under Retief, who had discovered a pass through the Drakensberg and who wanted to trek into the land beyond the Orange River. Dingaan killed the party and then sent swarms of his men to slaughter every white being in Natal. Matters looked very serious for the whites until, in 1838, four hundred and sixty Boers, under Andries Pretorius, attacked Dingaan and his twelve thousand men. Joubert fought there, with the courage of a lion and the tenacity of a bull-dog. At the close of a several days' battle Dingaan retired defeated, leaving three thousand dead Zulus on the field.

The years went by and Joubert grew to be a power in the Transvaal. With his friend, Stephanus Paulus Kruger, Joubert soon grew to control the burghers. When on December 13, 1880, war broke out, the Boer forces under the leadership of Joubert beleaguered the various British garrisons in the Transvaal. Sir George Colley, Governor of Natal and Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa, with one thousand men marched to attack the Boer general. On January 28, 1881, Colley was defeated at Laing's Nek by a force of three hundred and was compelled to fall back. On February 7 he was again defeated by Joubert, this time at Ingogo Heights. Twenty days later came the great battle of Majuba Hill, in which Joubert accomplished the seemingly impossible.

With less than one hundred men he attacked Colley's force of four hundred and eighty-seven men, intrenched on the top of a perpendicular hill about one thousand feet high. A few hours later, half of the British force lay dead and Colley had put a bullet through his brain. Joubert had lost one man.

That ended Joubert's career as a soldier for the time, and he turned to the pursuit of making money. His popularity caused him to be elected Vice-President of the Republic in 1895, and to be made Commander-in-Chief of the army. After Jameson's raid, Joubert set about reorganizing the burgher army. That Joubert's system was practical was shown when the present war broke out.

Joubert was a gentleman in every sense of the word. Honest, able and worthy of respect—able to fight for what he deemed right, with a zeal akin to inspiration; able to forgive bitter injury; able to bear and to forbear; able to look all men straight in the eye. E. M.



John A. Bingham

JUDGE JOHN A. BINGHAM, who died at Cadiz, Ohio, March 19, was one of the great figures in American history during the civil war. He won his greatest fame as chief prosecutor of the conspirators who murdered President Lincoln, and added to his reputation as lawyer and orator in the impeachment proceedings against Andrew Johnson. For sixteen years Judge Bingham represented the Cadiz district in Congress, his Congressional service closing in 1873. During the war he was a confidential adviser of President Lincoln, and was looked upon as the most polished and effective orator in the House. In 1873 President Grant appointed Judge Bingham minister to Japan, where he remained until 1885. As a diplomat he took high rank, and he was, more than any other one man, instrumental in bringing Japan into its present prominence among civilized nations. When Judge Bingham went to Japan the present Emperor was a young man, who soon gave great heed to the advice and teachings of the American statesman, then at the zenith of his powers. Since his return to America Judge Bingham has lived quietly at Cadiz, taking little part in public affairs.

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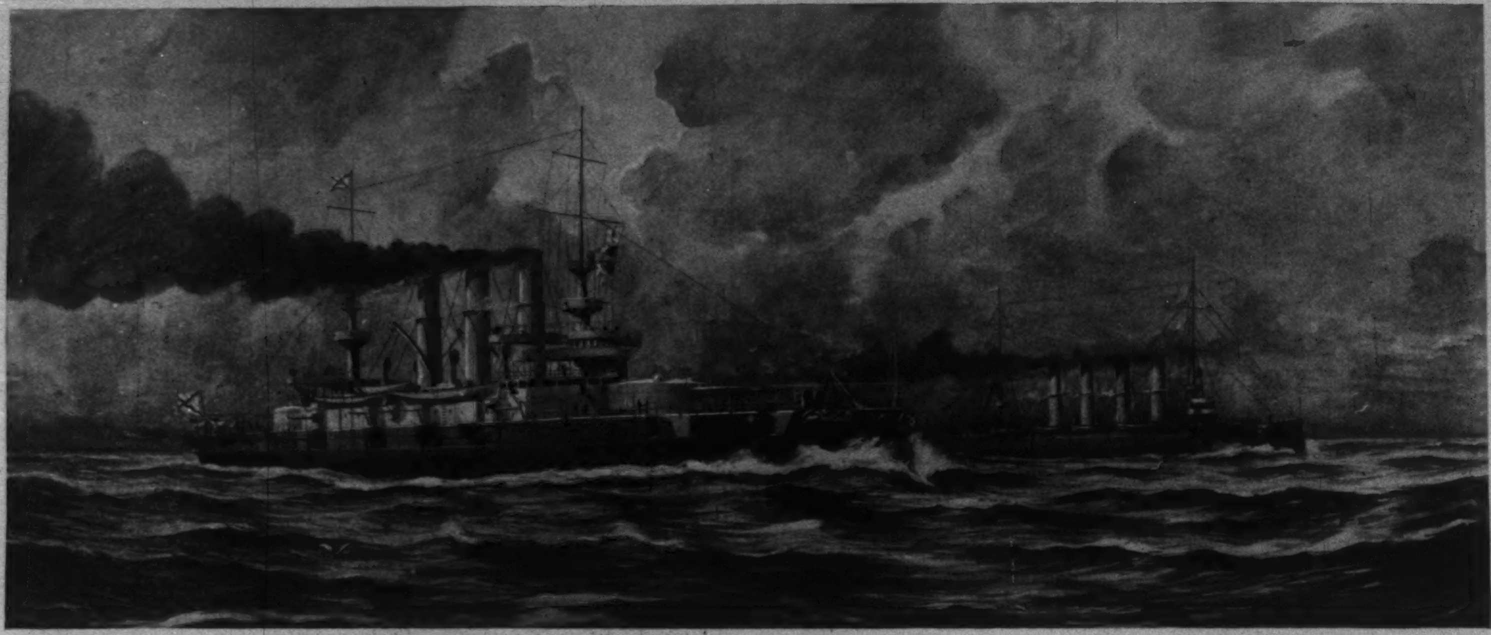


THE 6500-TON BATTLE-SHIPS "RETWISAN" AND "WARIAG," BUILDING BY THE CRAMPS FOR THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

Cape Town Durban Lourenço Marquez

BY EDGAR MELS,

FORMER EDITOR OF JOHANNESBURG "DAILY NEWS"

JUST why Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman, should have selected the coast of South Africa as the route for his personally conducted excursions is hard to say, for, seen from the sea, the aforementioned coast is bleak and gloomy and sombre. Still, a coastline, however unpleasant as a scenic spectacle, is a necessity for a country that has to import most of its foodstuffs and all of its other necessities.

South Africa manufactures nothing on a scale large enough to be worth considering. Strange as it may seem, outside of Boer territory there is not enough wheat and grain raised to supply the sparse population. Everything has to be imported, hence the importance of the coast.

❧

My first view of African coast was after the steamer bearing me as a more or less precious burden had left Madeira a few days. It was Cape Verde—misnamed by some Spanish or Portuguese enthusiast with no eye for the appropriate, for Cape Verde is a mere plain of undulating sand stretching inland as far as the eye can see. At its point is a lonely light-house.

❧

Twelve days later, at midnight, we entered Table Bay, the harbor of Cape Town. It was as dark as the proverbial night of Egypt. Above us hung the great Southern Cross, blinking a dignified welcome to the land of Good Hope. About us stretched a dark line, darker even than the muddy water of the southern Atlantic. Facing us rose Table Mountain, cloud-capped, majestic in its superb gloom. Tiny lights twinkled on the shore—harbingers of what we knew not.

MacNab, the gigantic Scotchman, was pathetic in his homesickness. Mellowed by some superb Scotch he had brought with him from his Highlands, he sang "Auld Lang Syne" with a fervor that kept all hands awake until dawn. But no one complained. It is a sad thing this leaving home and going to some semicivilized, strange land.

❧

Dawn came, and with it a splendor such as is seldom vouchsafed human eyes. Down beyond the hills on the east glowed the fiery dawn. Deep orange, with a touch here and there of burning red, rose the orb of day. Shaking the Indian Ocean from its mane of fire, as the swimmer does when he arises from a dive, the sun threw a flood of splendid light upon the verdant-tinted hills that surround Cape Town—that form a rich-hued protection on the land side, and then dip gently into the muddy waters of the bay.

And most superb of all, stately in its grandeur, magnificent in its superiority, was Table Mountain. Facing the southwest as if coquetting at long range with Patagonia, it rose perpendicularly to a height of twelve hundred feet. Green and plentifully covered with shrubs and trees at its base, it grew bare and bleak as the eye ascended and the panorama unfolded. Over its top hung the table-cloth, fleecy white, soft as down, swaying gently with the morning breeze—a cloth of vaporous clouds.

Down below lay the city of Cape Town, half awake, spread out over an extensive area. How peaceful it all seemed then! And how different it is now, with armed transports and war-ships steaming in—that imperialism may be justified!

❧

There is a dignified way of climbing to the top of Table Mountain, *viâ* Lion's Kloof, but youthful enthusiasm, aided and abetted by the persuasion of MacNab, induced me to accompany him up the steep side of the eminence. It was a foolhardy undertaking, and I would have turned back many a time but for the disgrace of being outdone by a Briton. MacNab afterwards told me that he would have abandoned the task had he not felt ashamed of being conquered by a Yankee.

Like two goats, we scrambled up the face of the mountain, hanging on by our eyelashes, bruising our shins, and cutting our hands. Up we went. Five hundred feet, six hundred, seven hundred, eight, nine, and then came the hardest part. Straight above us towered the wall of rough stone, seemingly unsurmountable. We paused for a rest. Then we began creeping, crawling, scrambling—no pen can describe the positive agony of that climb. A misstep, and death awaited us. To go down was impossible, for a mere look into the depths below was enough to unnerve us.

Slowly, seemingly ages, we climbed. At last, standing upon MacNab's shoulders, I reached the top. I was safe; but to get my accomplice up—that was another story, as Mr. Kipling says. MacNab weighed two hundred pounds. Lying on my stomach, I grasped him under the arms, whilst he caught hold of the shrubs on the top of the mountain. Then, goodness knows how, he managed to get to the top, although twice we thought that both were doomed. But the little cherub that watches over children and drunken men and fools kept his eye on us, and we live to tell the tale.

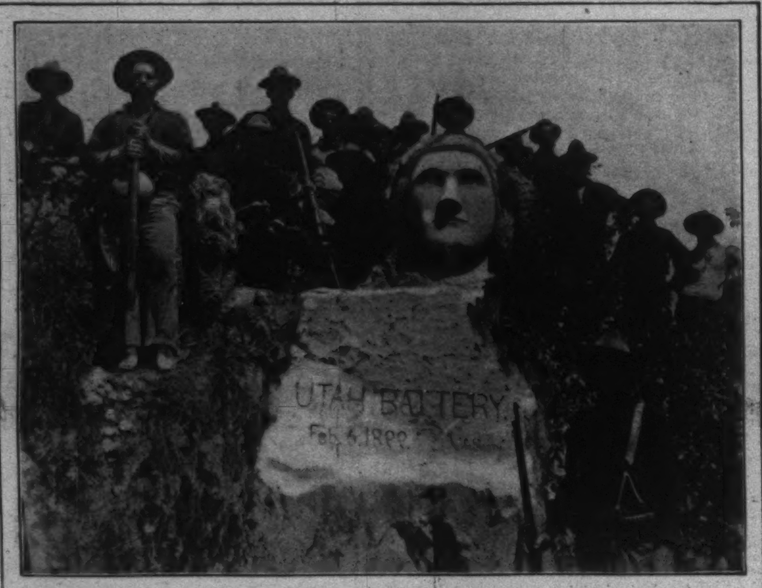
It took six hours to climb twelve hundred feet.

❧

The population of Cape Town consists of Britons, Afrikanders, Kafirs, a few Boers, some foreigners, and many Malays. The last are by far the most interesting. Clad in gaudy silks, handsome to a degree, graceful and mysterious, they are a study to one interested in human nature. They are at their best and their worst on Saturday nights, when Adderley Street and the contiguous thoroughfares are crowded with them—for it is market night.

Gauzy and gaudy silks constitute their raiment. Wrapped from head to foot in silks whose texture is like the spider's web, with bright orange, green, blue, and snowy white predominating, they present a most picturesque spectacle. As a race they appear almost the equal, and in some instances the superior, of the white man. Well shaped, graceful in their carriage, and well behaved, they are very good citizens.

The women, as a rule, are handsome, and in many cases really beautiful. Their skin is chocolate in color, but has no resemblance to the cuticle of the negro—for the greasy appearance is missing, as are also the high cheek-bones. The hair is glossy, coal black, and fine as silk. With bodies swathed in silken draperies, they move along as so many queens, despite the fact that on their feet they wear a most outrageous contrivance,



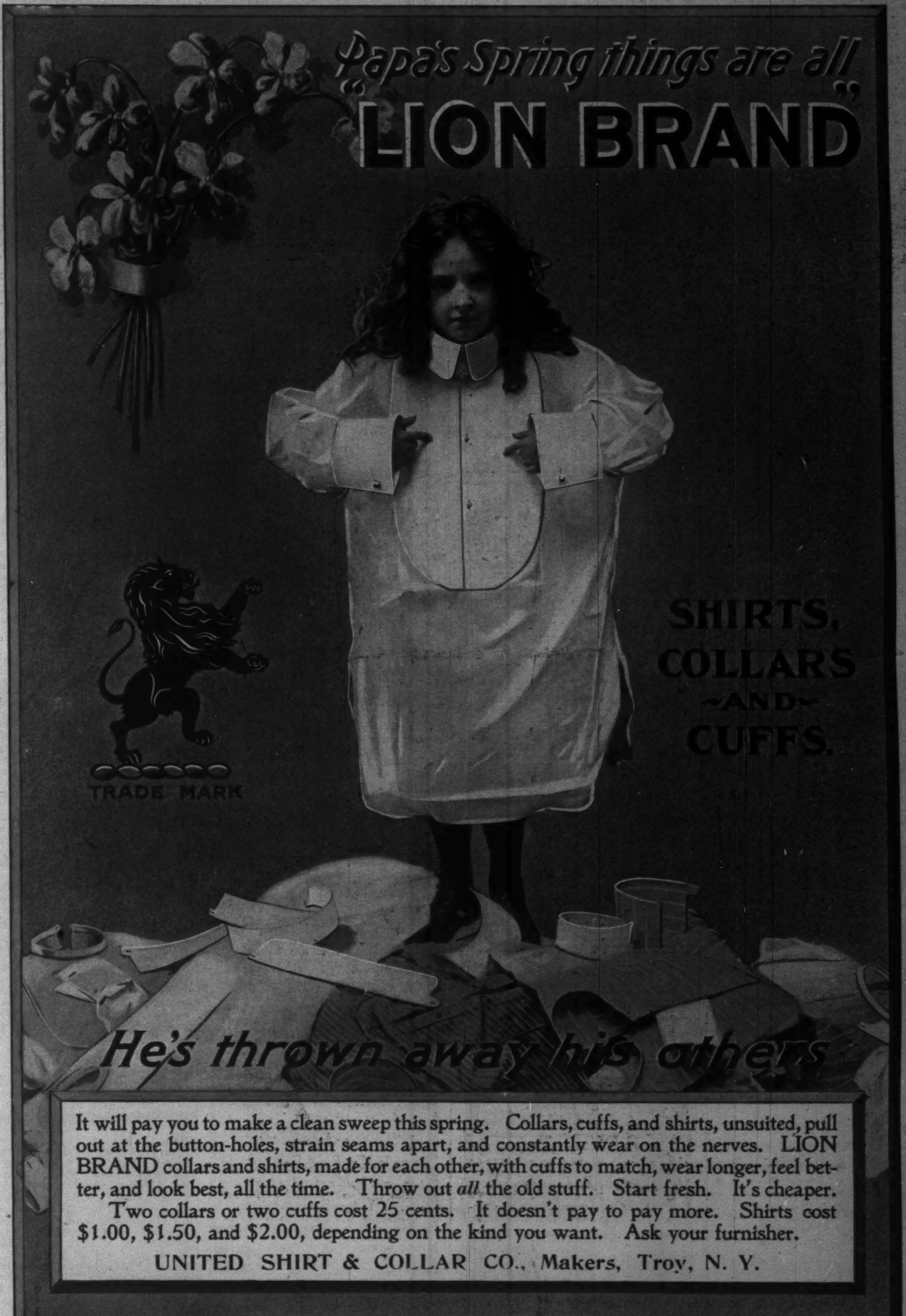
MILITARY SCULPTURE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Photograph by Scholtz.

This head was carved by W. A. Smith, a soldier of the Utah Battery, on a hill-side overlooking the Pumping-Station on the San Mateo River. The soldiers shown in the picture are scouts belonging to the First Washington Volunteers.

ST. PATRICK'S GRAVE.

After ages of neglect the traditional resting-place of the mortal remains of Ireland's Patron Saint, in the cathedral graveyard at Downpatrick, has been covered with a memorial stone. It is a rough granite bowlder, weighing about seven tons, from the mountain-side of Slieve-na-Largie. On the upper surface is an Irish cross, faithfully reproduced from one found on the island of Inisclothran. Under the cross the name "Patric" is cut in Irish characters, copied from the earliest known Celtic manuscripts. This simple treatment is considered to be the nearest approach to the form of monument which would have been constructed about the year 469—the supposed date of the Saint's death. The supervision of the work was intrusted to Mr. W. J. Fennell, M.R.I.A.I.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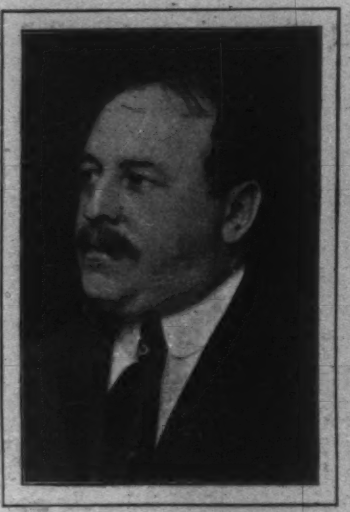

WILLIAM GREGORY,
Republican Candidate for Governor of Rhode Island.
Photograph by Pierce, Providence.

instead of the equally ungraceful covering of European civilization. This contrivance is really a wooden sandal raised from the ground by two wooden cleats. These are not attached to the foot, but are kept in place by a wooden peg at the front end, which is held between the big and the second toe. On this thing they amble along, with a thud, thud that is rhythmic, though at times annoying. The men, as a rule, wear trousers of white duck and jackets of dark cloth. They are undersized, and prone to consumption.

❧

The finest building, next to the railroad station and the government buildings, is the result of American enterprise and capital—the offices of the Equitable Life Assurance. The other buildings are mostly low structures, although some of the private residences are really fine specimens of the builder's art.

The principal objects of interest, aside from Table Mountain, are the government building and the adjacent botanical garden. The former is nothing out of the ordinary, but the latter is one of the finest of its kind in existence. Within its confines can be found the fauna of all South Africa, from the tiniest karoo-bush to the heaviest prickly-pear. The latter attain a height of fifteen feet, and are so covered with needlelike spikes that a wall of them (which is a common use to which this plant is put in South Africa) is perfect protection against the most daring burglar.

❧

To the east of Cape Town is Simonstown, the arsenal and coast fortification protecting the Cape of Good Hope. It bristles with implements of war, and is supplied with enormous coast-defence guns. It dominates the Indian Ocean, but affords little protection in reality for Cape Town.

❧

Durban, the seaport of Natal, is a far prettier town than Cape Town, but it is dreadfully dull and frightfully hot. And when a storm comes from out of the Indian Ocean it becomes correspondingly cold.

The streets of Durban are tree-lined, there is a fine library, and taken as a whole, the city is worthy of respect.

During my stay there the whole town was scandalized because of the action of the American government in retaining as consul a man who was in the mad-house, the business of the consulate being carried on by a clerk, who drew the consul's salary. Whose the fault was I do not know, but it reflected seriously upon the prestige of this country.

❧

Lourenço Marquez is practically the seaport of the Transvaal, although the capital of Portuguese East Africa. That is its only excuse for existence, for as a place of habitation for human beings it is a disgrace. Sanitation it has none, and in consequence death has a harvest feast. At one time the death-rate reached the alarming total of eighty per cent. Coffins were unobtainable, and the dead were unceremoniously thrown into dry-goods boxes and interred in hastily dug graves.

Aside from the burials, life was insufferably dull, although there was a time when things were enlivened a bit by the patriotic fervor of a party of forty Irishmen who had struck it rich at the Barberton gold-fields, and had come to Lourenço Marquez to celebrate the occasion. Their first feat was to enter the tiny fort, scare the Portuguese garrison out of its collective, but not collected, wits, raise the flag of Erin, and then turn the guns upon the diminutive gunboat in the harbor. Only the interference of friends prevented a serious "ruction."

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James E. Runcie

THE work of no one man has been more effective in laying the foundations of a civil government in Cuba than that of James E. Runcie. When the task is complete he can justly claim, though he would be the last to do so, that he was one of the principal factors in first formulating the theory, and in inaugurating its application. Mr. Runcie had no official position. He was known on the island as a lawyer who came to Santiago with General Wood in the capacity of general counsel, and then followed him to Havana. It was always known that he held the most intimate personal relations with his chief, but it was only lately realized that to him Governor Wood referred many important questions of law, depended largely upon his judgment in matters of government organization, and regarded him as his personal representative on all the commissions of which he was a member. Mr. Runcie was the only American on all the commissions appointed to reorganize the old and formulate the new methods.

The secret of his value to Governor Wood was his unswerving personal loyalty, and his peculiar adaptability for the work in hand. His loyalty to Governor Wood amounts to a passion, for Mr. Runcie believes that Governor Wood, when an army surgeon, saved his life twice under extraordinary circumstances. His creed knows no other return for this than self-effacement, and the utmost endeavor to make the Governor's career a success. He is a man of strong will and purpose, of positive ideas and keen analytical mind. It is unfortunate, both for Governor Wood and for the American rule in Cuba, that complications arose which have made it necessary, in the opinion of the administration, to sacrifice this man's services to the exigencies of an extremely delicate political situation.

Mr. Runcie graduated from West Point in the class of 1879, and taught mathematics in the military school for several years following. Joining his regiment, he served on the Pacific coast until 1893, when he was retired for physical disability. He then commenced the practice of law in San Francisco, until illness brought him to Washington, where he could put himself under the care of Dr. Leonard Wood, who was then stationed there. As he was convalescing the war with Spain commenced, and he was commissioned a major of volunteers, and assigned to an Ohio regiment which never got farther than Tampa. After he was mustered out, his former physician, then General Wood, sent for him to help solve some of the problems the former was meeting with in his administration of affairs at Santiago.

The views of such a man as to the future of Cuba are interesting. Those of Major Runcie may be said to be rather pessimistic. He believes Cuba needs the United States more than the United States needs Cuba. He sees no end to the American occupation of the island. He thinks a good government will be evolved from the work now being done, but it is doubtful whether he believes the time will ever come when the United States can safely let go of what it now holds with so firm a grasp. Universal suffrage would, in his opinion, ruin the island politically at the start, for the lower classes are swayed by demagogues in Cuba as elsewhere. Notwithstanding this tendency to his conclusions, he labored earnestly and effectively to the end that in time the United States might justly claim to have laid a good and broad foundation for a free Cuban republic, for this is what Governor Wood was sent to Cuba to do, and James E. Runcie's sole thought was to help his friend in the tremendous task the latter had set himself to do.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

SINCE the middle of March there has been a strong and active movement in the stock-market, after a long period of dulness. This vigorous recovery seems to be due to new confidence, mainly induced by the currency law, which maintains the gold standard and promises elasticity in the bank-note circulation. The effect appeared promptly in the London market, and renewed buying of American securities there, with advancing prices, did much to stimulate the New York Exchange, where the sales have again amounted to more than a million shares a day. Railroad stocks have taken the lead as commanding the largest share of confidence. It short, they have been almost the only "Americans" sought in London. Among these the foremost place has been taken by the Pacific railroads, which have been making constantly improving returns of late.

Not in many years has the railroad situation appeared so favorable. Not only does the volume of business keep up, but the rates are maintained as hardly ever before, and every new report from the most important lines shows increased earnings. This effect is no doubt partly due to more and more concentrated control of the great through lines, and efforts to operate those which are natural rivals in harmony. For months there have been periodical reports of a financial alliance between the New York Central and Pennsylvania systems, with the latter in virtual control of the Baltimore and Ohio, and the departure of Mr. J. P. Morgan for Europe—to consult, it is alleged, with Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt—has given new significance to these reports in the minds of many. Mr. Morgan was promptly followed by Mr. M. E. Ingalls, president of the Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, known as the "Big Four," an important connecting line in the West; and that added to conjectures of new developments in the combination. Whatever truth there may be in surmises of an association of the most powerful railroad systems of the country, there is no doubt about the tendency towards a common financial control sufficient to maintain profitable rates and avoid destructive competition.

Not only are existing railroads doing well, but there is greater preparation for extensions and new construction than for several years past. This helps to sustain the activity in iron and steel production, which shows little sign of relaxing, and next to those of the railroads the stocks of the steel companies show the greatest strength. The settlement of the difficulty in the Carnegie company, and the combination of the associated interests referred to last week resulted in the incorporation of a new company, under the laws of New Jersey, with a capital of $160,000,000, divided into 160,000 shares of $1,000 each, of which Mr. Carnegie holds 86,379. The American Steel Sheet Company has just been incorporated with a capital of $52,000,000, to unite most of the establishments in the country engaged in the manufacture of sheet steel. It is said to take in 155 separate plants in different parts of the country. Among the railroads which show the largest gains, as compared with past years, are those which are engaged largely in the transportation of coal. Prices of that material and the rates for carrying it have both advanced, and are sustained not only by the domestic demand, but by orders from Europe, where the supply is short and prices abnormally high. The only visible drawback to the industrial situation in this country at present is the labor strike in the West, which began in the building trades in Chicago, and was taken up by the machinists, who demanded a reduction of hours from ten to nine per day without a decrease of wages. The strike has extended to Detroit and Cleveland, and threats of making it general by the 1st of May have been made, if the demand is not complied with.

Strength in the railroad and steel company stocks affected the industrials generally, but a weak spot developed in the American Sugar Refining Company, known as the "Sugar Trust." One of its strongest rivals reduced the price of refined sugar five cents in the hundred pounds, while that of raw sugar advanced, and the president of the "trust" declared that there could be only loss in the business, and intimated that dividends might have to be suspended. This caused a violent break in the stock of his company. Local traction stocks in New York have remained steady, while the affairs of the Third Avenue company have been awaiting arrangements for settling its finances under the new control. The grand jury inquiry into the cause of the wreck into which those affairs were brought last year has been dropped for lack of evidence to support any criminal charge.

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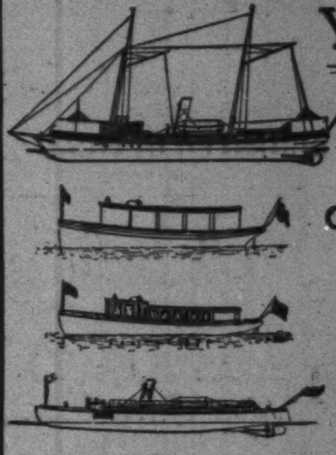

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